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NOTES.

After the Jameson Raid nervousness and suspicion are natural on the part of the Transvaal authorities. Otherwise we should have said the whole affair of the Johannesburg arrests was so obviously one of those plots manufactured by spies that no one ought to be deceived. It may be remembered that the Jameson Raid failed precisely because the Johannesburg Uitlanders would not rise, and many of them at the alarm of war took the first train for the south. It might therefore have occurred to the Boer officials to doubt whether half a dozen unknown and unaccredited conspirators could enlist 2,000 men for any purpose; and to do Mr. Kruger justice he seems to treat the business with the contempt which it deserves. During the last four years mining enterprise outside the Rand has been abandoned, and Johannesburg swarms with "scandalous copper captains," who probably do not always talk of the Boers in complimentary terms. One thing, however, is certain: whoever the prisoners may be, their rights as British subjects will be well protected at Pretoria by so experienced a diplomatist as Mr. Conyngham Greene, whose only duty is to see that they get a fair trial.

Mr. Goschen hopes the best for South Africa; for South Africa generally and for the Transvaal and English interests therein in particular. Mr. Goschen is always hoping for the best; he bids fair to rival "cheerful Childers." But examination of the actual words he used at the South African dinner, as of Mr. Chamberlain's in the House, does not leave an impression of any very great confidence in the good time near at hand. Mr. Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner will meet: that is something; so-called reform proposals have been introduced in the Volksraad: that may be something. But is the significance of these proposals being introduced at all so great as that of their quality, when introduced? Beginnings are indeed proverbially small, but there must be a beginning.

Lord Salisbury turned the annual dinner of the Railway Benevolent Institution to good account by making an interesting speech on the importance of railways in modern warfare and commercial development. Provinces are conquered and new markets opened up by the engineer. Lord Kitchener was a "sapper," and we are glad Lord Salisbury took the opportunity of paying a well-deserved but rather belated compliment to Bimbashi Girouard, our Railway Commissioner in Egypt, to whom the credit of the Sudan railway

belongs. The Prime Minister, not being in the House of Commons, never loses his chance of saying a word upon the political topic of the hour. Wise and dignified was Lord Salisbury's rebuke, couched in playful terms, to those alarmists in high places who are haunted by the perpetual apprehension that Russia "is going to unroll a railway which will destroy the British Empire by its appearance."

Mr. Balfour is rivalling the most practised barrister in the art of picking up his case as it goes. With but very imperfect knowledge of his own Bill on its introduction, by sheer quickness of intelligence he has rapidly acquired from observation a grip of the scheme and its subject never reached by others who had toiled long in laborious preparation. As intellectual gymnastic, the performance is very attractive; but whether politically it would not be better to avoid putting the mind through such difficult exercises is more doubtful. Perhaps it is an open question whether a better effect is produced by the skill of ingenious and graceful concession or by the skill of preventing its necessity. Probably, thought before the event would have led Mr. Balfour to the same device for settling the overseers' duties as that which he presented to the House on Tuesday. However, presented before or after, undoubtedly the plan of assigning their rating capacity to the whole council and their duties in respect of the voting lists to the town clerk is sound and statesmanlike. No wonder the Liberals are fretting at the improvements in the Bill. They cannot make out of them any party capital at all.

That improvements have been made in the Bill during its course through Committee there can be no doubt; but there has at the same time been a tendency at work, which we cannot help regretting. There has been a tendency to make the Bill more and more a matter of just remodelling vestries, touching up local government here and there, instead of thoroughly recasting and overhauling it. As we said on the introduction of the Bill, the key to real reform would lie in the importance secured for the new boroughs. Size is a necessary element in such importance. And yet populations of not more than 70,000 are treated as independent units, while far less has been attempted than easily could have been effected in the way of grouping smaller areas. Look at the Tower Hamlets and Southwark. However, there is no finality in a Bill. Borough extensions are familiar things out of London; they may now become so in London.

A party which has at present very little to boast about may be excused if it makes the most of what it has. Due allowance too must be made for the hyperbole which custom requires in an after-dinner speech on the guest of the evening. To these extenuating circumstances must be added the personal responsibility for Lord Elgin's appointment which Lord Rosebery disclosed at the Northbrook Club. In spite of all these excuses his eulogy would have been more impressive if it had not been pitched in quite so high a key. That "a young unknown and untried Viceroy" should have carried the country through a period of exceptional trial without disaster was a great achievement. But if Lord Elgin is to be measured by the standard of Hastings, Wellesley or Dalhousie, only personal or party predilection could put him in other than a secondary place.

At a meeting of the East India Association, Sir Charles Elliott expressed his concurrence with the dissentient member of the Famine Commission who deprecated the conclusions implying a censure on the Central Provinces Government. Lord Elgin, taking the same view, generously claimed to share the responsibility thrown by the Commission on his lieutenants. These opinions will have more weight when they are supported by some detailed examination of the facts set forth in the Report and the tables of mortality by which they are supported. Madras has yet found no champion either within the Commission or outside it. It was felicitous that Lord Elgin in his first public address in London on his return from India should have to deal with the subject of famine. By the consent of all authorities the acute famine which visited the chief provinces during his Viceroyalty was met with a completeness and success on the whole without parallel.

Scarcely had the Anglo-Russian agreement brought a truce upon China than every sort of rumour emanated from the frontiers of Persia. To the north she was exploited by a Russian company with schemes for forests and mines and prospective railways; to the south, British representatives were digging, delving and prospecting. How much of this is smoke and how much fire will presently appear. In the meantime it is important to insist that our Indian Empire can tolerate no rivalry at the Court of the Shah. This has already been set forth by Lord Curzon as an irresponsible traveller, and we may trust to his adhesion to the principle now that he wields the sceptre. The Central Asian question will be among the knottiest presented to the Peace Conference, and it will be a fair request, before we acquiesce in disarmament, that Russia shall withdraw her influences from Khorassan.

The trade of Russia has been making enormous strides in Persia at the expense of our own, and we shall have to keep a vigilant eye to prevent the flag following trade. In 1895 our imports to Mechhed were eight times those of Russia, in 1896 they were only as six to five. The Indian Government is, however, fully aware of the danger and strenuous efforts are being made to protect our rights. We have established communications from Teheran to the Karun, but the Russians now boast that they have obtained access to the Tigris. It appears that we have not been neglectful, but the utmost vigilance will be necessary to insure us against waking up one fine morning and finding that we have been utterly baffled.

The Germans in Austria are really very unreasonable. The Slavs, though doubtless aspiring to eventual federalism, are now only asking for a fraction of official language in the districts where they preponderate. To refuse this is one of the unwise forms of tyranny, for it maintains a chronic irritation without any corresponding advantage to the authority of the dominant race. To this the Government is fully alive. Indeed, since the Taaffe Ministry, it has shown a marked disinclination to endorse the monstrous pretensions of the German minority. Graf Badeni overrode them with Imperial ordinances, but succumbed to popular tumults; Graf Thun has now repeated the experiment, justifying by

the fourteenth article of the Constitution what his opponents qualify as a State-stroke; and the result is that the Germans are displaying a temper such as often heralds civil war.

They stick at no method of demonstration, and are even converted wholesale to secure a party score. The most conciliatory advances have been repelled with contempt, the constitution is at a standstill, and the conflict has been transferred from a discredited Parliament to a distracted country. On Whit Monday Graf Thun is to confer with the heads of the Slav clerical majority, but as they have already reached the utmost limits of concession, it is difficult to see what solution they may have to propose. It is by this time almost evident that the Germans are not disposed to content themselves with an undue preponderance in the councils of the Empire, but aim at the subversion of the Empire itself. Meanwhile they may find abundant satisfaction in the reflection that they have erected an anarchy, that the suspension of parliamentarism has obstructed the renewal of the Ausgleich with Hungary, and that a way has been paved for the eventual aggression of Prussia.

Colonel Picquart's appeal to the Procureur-Général is drawn up in that honourable officer's usual calm and dignified manner. Although he has been in prison for almost a year without trial he merely asks that the charges brought against him be thoroughly investigated, and not, as one might suppose, for his release. The charges are four: the communication of two secret dossiers to Leblois, the forgery of the petit bleu, and the use ("usage") of the last. These points are not likely to be solved to the complete establishment of Picquart's innocence, however, until the revision and even Dreyfus' new trial are ordered and over. Uneasily indeed must General Zurlinden watch the results of his dastardly work. He it was who snatched Picquart away from the civic court and put him into the prison of the Cherche Midi; he it is who has kept him there and at the Santé without trial for eleven long months.

Paris would like to be en fête when Marchand makes his rentrée. To see him drive through triumphal arches to the tune of the Marseillaise, and meet words of welcome at every point, is the boulevardier's idea of how the Government should show its gratitude to the "noble hero of Fashoda." He would see more; a State performance at the opera, and a brilliant display of fireworks at the Tuilleries to wind up with. Other enthusiasts (notably M. Meyer of the "Gaulois") suggest that the celebration of Marchand's arrival be postponed until 14 July, and duly honoured then by a military review at Longchamps. But all these dreams of delight and display must be abandoned; for the Government, thinking no doubt that the present moment is too critical for the playing of national airs and the flying of flags, has decided to take no active step in the matter. Still, Paris will be at the station to welcome and cheer the gallant Commandant when he arrives, and on the boulevards, and all along his route. Drumont, Rochefort, the Ligue des Patriotes, and every agitating league and leader have solemnly said so.

Beyond the fact that General Pelloux is still Premier, Italy might really claim the credit of a change of Ministry. Two other portfolios have remained, but the remaining eight have found fresh tenants. While we may lament the opportunism which makes such a fact possible, we may be glad that the result of shaking the kaleidoscope has been to replace eight Liberals by eight Conservatives. Liberalism and Conservatism are not, however, the same labels in Italy as in England. Admiral Bettolo, the new Minister of Marine, has just received the freedom of the city of Athens, and the Marchese Visconti-Venosta, who now goes to the Foreign Office, was prominently indiscreet in his zeal for Greece during the late war.

His appointment is the most significant feature of the reconstruction. He recalls many regrettable memories

of the upheaval which begat united Italy, and his notorious sympathies for France are possibly not favourable to the existing equilibrium in Europe. Until 1896 he seemed to share the tacit oblivion of his master, Victor Emmanuel, but his compromises with France have constituted him a threat to the loyalty of Italy in her support of the majority of the Concert of Europe. Individually, the Ministry has been strengthened, for statesmen have in many instances succeeded automata, but neither Italy nor her allies are wholly to be congratulated, and there is no prospect of permanency. The Chinese policy of the new combination is sure to be arraigned sooner or later, and the question of San Mun affords an ever-present stumbling-block.

Considerable feeling has been aroused in Lagos by the promulgation of a criminal code which is to supersede the existing law in that colony. The code is substantially the same as that introduced in the Gold Coast in 1892, and is based upon one originally drawn up for Grenada. A petition against the Bill has been addressed to the Legislative Council by a representative body of natives, and the facts point to that disregard of native opinion which Miss Kingsley has so strongly denounced. Lagos is a thriving colony, and its population is said to be a law-abiding one. The law at present in force is the common law of this country modified by certain colonial ordinances: but the courts have power also to decide cases in accordance with native law or custom, when the custom can be ascertained and is consistent with natural equity. The natives trust the English law as thus administered and they do not desire a change. Their most serious objection is to the clauses in the new code which diminish parental authority in regard to marriage.

Interference with native customs has till now been wisely reduced to a minimum in Lagos, and though the variety of native usages among different tribes and districts makes the existing legal procedure anything but systematic, there is no evidence of need for such a sweeping change. Codification is admirable in theory; it sounds well to introduce into a motley assemblage of tongues, races, laws and customs one coherent and well-planned system of justice. But in practice it is necessary to allow for the follies and prejudices of mankind. Mr. Balfour once said that it is better to do a thing in a stupid way that has grown familiar than in a clever way that comes as a hateful innovation; and his remark is admirably applicable to the question which Sir William McGregor and the Colonial Office will presumably have to decide.

The reception accorded to Major Marchand in Abyssinia should serve to remind us of the importance of the issues which confront us in that empire. Rumours of an informal alliance with Italy have doubtless discredited us with the Negus, and Russia has been as successful with ecclesiastical as France has been with political and even journalistic intrigues. A correspondent of the "Temps," we know, has the ear of his Imperial Majesty and makes the most of his opportunities. Meanwhile we seem to have omitted many chances of conciliation, and we shall have ourselves alone to blame if we presently encounter a minor but very inconvenient obstacle to the rounding off of our African empire.

There is no need to despair of the Pacific Cable project. The Government are prepared to reconsider their offer, and reconsideration we hope can only mean one thing. Lord Selborne's statement in response to Lord Aberdeen's inquiries makes it clear that the Colonial Office and the Treasury have not taken an irrevocable step. But no good can come of any attempt to bully the Government. Lord Tweedmouth rather wildly denounced the conditions laid down by the Treasury as stringent and ungenerous. That they certainly were not. Where the Government made a mistake was to agree to a subsidy instead of entering into some sort of proprietary arrangement as desired by Australasia and Canada. On the Government's own showing the cable would be of vast imperial

significance, and the forces in favour of state ownership wholly eclipse those opposed to any action which could be construed as unfair to private enterprise. It would be the very height of absurdity to refuse to become a partner in a great project in the West because of vested interests in the East.

Mr. Wyndham's statement that the army is 14,000 men below the authorised establishment reveals a lamentable state of things. It is inconceivable that such a responsible official as the Inspector-General of Recruiting should have stated in his recent report that recruiting results "may be deemed satisfactory." As it is, our recent increase of batteries and battalions has done little good. But the whole affair clearly shows that the only means at present of providing more men for the infantry is—as the SATURDAY REVIEW has already pointed out—by increasing the marines instead of creating more weak line battalions. In the former, the recruiting difficulty is not felt, and if a portion of the force could be always available for purely military purposes, a solution of the difficulty would be found.

The programme of the Church Congress which is to be held in London on October 9 to 14 is long and varied but curiously dull. The list of speakers has a depressingly familiar aspect: both clergy and laity are almost without exception "standing dishes" at ecclesiastical assemblies. The subjects for discussion reflect the controversies of the hour, and possibly this may explain the excessive prudence displayed in the choice of orators. The President's inaugural address strikes us as the most promising item of the arrangements.

The Bishop of Oxford has been engaged in delivering his diocesan charge. The reports which have been published in the papers indicate that it is a contribution to the literature of the crisis of quite exceptional importance. Dr. Stubbs is not given to much speaking, but his words have behind them such massive learning and so sane a judgment that they carry more weight than most men's. His dignified protest against the "vile imputations of corrupt intent" which have marked the campaign against Confession is timely and effective. His whole discussion of that thorny subject should be studied.

The second round of School Board *v.* Ratepayers came off on Wednesday with the Auditor as stakeholder and Secondary Education as the stakes. This time the Board were represented by their legal gladiator while the champion of the ratepayers, Mr. Hales, received moral support from the representative of the Common Council. The School Board case was presented in all its prolixity, obvious points were laboured and dangerous ones slurred over. The new "piers of evidence" were a decision of the Local Government Board in their favour and some clever deductions from the Free Education Act. To a close observer of the question the real point at issue seems not so much the legality of the School Board's action, as that of the two Government Departments who are now doing their best to scramble on to what they believe the right side of the law.

Professor Thorpe struck no uncertain note about lead poisoning in pottery work, but he finds more difficulty in regard to the use of phosphorus in the making of lucifer matches. No satisfactory substitute for phosphorus has been found, and the only phosphorus which allows immunity from necrosis is the red variety which cannot be made into "strike-anywhere" matches without being combined with chlorate of potash; and the dangers attending their packing and transport would enormously outweigh the evil caused by phosphorus necrosis. Neither he nor his colleague Dr. Cunningham recommends prohibition of either white or yellow phosphorus in the meantime, as it has been shown that there are methods of manufacture capable of practically excluding necrosis. These

methods ought to be insisted upon; and the dentist is an important auxiliary, for carious teeth are a great source of danger. There is something very unpleasant in the wholesale extraction of teeth to which the work-people have had in many cases to submit. Dr. Cunningham is opposed to it, and believes preserving the teeth by filling is not only a more economical treatment but a more effectual one, as it ensures a better condition of general health.

A man speaks his real mind, if ever, in his will. Lord Herschell was Solicitor-General to Mr. Gladstone's 1880 Government, which passed the celebrated Irish Land Act, and he was twice Lord Chancellor in a Home Rule Cabinet. Yet he seems to have had no confidence in the future of Ireland, for he left instructions to his trustees that they were not to invest money in land in that country. Strange, too, was his persistent bolstering up of that insolvent *café chantant*, the Imperial Institute. Lord Herschell, who was Chairman of the Executive Council, must have known perfectly well that the whole Somers-Vine + Frederick-Abel administration was a mass of pretentious incompetence. As a lawyer the late Lord Chancellor must have been aware that funds subscribed for a definite public purpose were being muddled away in all sorts of foolish and foreign enterprises. As a man of the world no one probably realised more keenly the utter absurdity from a business point of view of the so-called commercial exhibits. Yet year after year Lord Herschell kept on whitewashing the administration, praising their concerts, and shutting his eyes to the financial ruin that was staring him in the face. Lord James, who has now succeeded to the post of Chairman, must be congratulating himself on the chance of the building being devoted to a dignified purpose by the London University.

Everyone will rejoice that the splendid collections at South Kensington are at length to be provided with more house-room, and that Her Majesty saw the stone laid of what will complete one of the great monuments of her reign. It is proverbially difficult to judge of the effect of buildings from a mere sketch, and no designer would find it an easy task to make of a museum, all windows, a beautiful work of architecture. Making these allowances, we cannot say that we are favourably impressed by Mr. Aston Webb's elevation. It will perhaps be better than some of the South Kensington buildings, but it appears not to differ from them in kind.

We believe that the Dean and Chapter of S. Paul's will not refuse heed to the memorial signed by a large number of distinguished public men, and published in the "Times" yesterday morning. Following on the architects' memorial of last week, it comes with peculiar force. Not the most lively imagination can any longer represent the protest against the "decorations" as coming from "outside, not from experts, not from authoritative sources." Seldom has any protest been backed by so strong and so completely representative a body of opinion. And the most remarkable feature of the whole is the absence of any movement from the other side.

The Peace Conference will at any rate have done some good. It has provoked two admirable "mots." Professor Mommsen's "printer's error" is only equalled by the salutation of the "Times" correspondent's diplomatic friend at the Hague—"Eh bien! nous voilà arrives à la veille de la bataille." This painful levity shocks Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; so at least he told the National Liberal Club. Indignation of this class does not come from this dry and himself somewhat cynical politician with splendour, as it did from Mr. Gladstone. There must be a fine air of conviction in the speaker who would strike rhetorical effect out of outraged faith. As if the destinies of nations, as if the issues of peace and war hung on the saying pleasant or unpleasant things about any Conference! No wonder such sentiment should excite the contempt of real students of the forces of history such as Professor Mommsen.

THE DIVISION OF CHINA.

THE startled outcry, which has arisen over the attempt of the Russian Government to connect its Manchurian and Siberian railway system with Peking, shows how imperfectly the character of Lord Salisbury's diplomacy in the Far East is comprehended by the general public, and by most of its daily instructors. The news that an understanding had been arrived at with Russia was hailed with delight. Nothing, it was admitted, could be better than that the Whale and the Elephant should voluntarily agree not to quarrel over the slow-breathing carcass of a dying monster. But singularly few of those who applauded the compact took the trouble to ascertain what it meant. Perhaps this was in part due, as we observed at the time, to the almost exaggerated unobtrusiveness with which it was announced by Lord Salisbury. It was highly characteristic of the proud reserve, with which the Prime Minister cloaks himself against the cheap applause of an advertising age, that this momentous stroke of policy was proclaimed in a few light sentences, prefixed to a humorous after-dinner speech. Moreover, the Agreement itself, instead of being invested with the formalities of a full-dress Convention, is embodied in a couple of baldly concise Notes, exchanged between Sir Charles Scott and Count Mouravieff. All this has obscured the significance of the transaction. It is not realised that it marks the close of one epoch, and the beginning of another, in our relations with that collection of peoples, provinces, and loose millions of yellow humanity, which is still called on our maps the Chinese Empire.

There have been two, and only two, policies possible with regard to Russia and China, since the Japanese attack revealed the hopeless weakness of the Manchu Power. Let us call them, to avoid the hackneyed inaccuracies of certain familiar phrases, those of Protection and Division. We might make China a British Interest, like Turkey; put a notice all round it, to intimate that it was Reserved Ground by Order of the Queen-Empress; and signify that no entry, except for purposes of legitimate trade, could be permitted, on pain of war with Great Britain. That might have been an effectual method of keeping the doors open to commerce, and closing them to political aggression; but it implied a virtual protectorate or guarantee of the Chinese Monarchy. It could have been carried out only on the condition that we were prepared to intervene by force, if any Power tried to squeeze an acre of territory out of China. Port Arthur must have been a *casus belli*, to say nothing of Kiao-Chau. The objection to this policy is, that to pursue it logically would have been to throw an unendurable strain upon the resources even of the British Empire. To make ourselves responsible for the integrity of an utterly effete and invertebrate Government, with four hundred millions of semi-rebellious subjects to dispose of, and to keep the military and naval Powers of both continents from breaking in upon the ring-fence, is rather too large a task for us. We cannot put ourselves in the way of going to war with Russia, and perhaps with Russia's allies, along a land-frontier, hundreds of miles from the sea, to secure that our merchants, and everybody else's merchants, should have equality of opportunity. That is the Open Door. Lord Salisbury played it for all it was worth, up to a certain point; but he must have known, from the beginning, that we could not take our stand on it permanently, and that the eventual settlement of China would have to be arranged on the alternative basis, which is that of Division or Partition.

This was, indeed, clearly contemplated by Her Majesty's Government, from an early stage of the controversy. We ought not to forget that, if Russia has pushed her way down to the warm-water ports of the Pacific, she has a distinct invitation from English statesmen to show as her warrant. Speaking at Bristol, as far back as 3 February, 1896—a period when Englishmen had other things to think about besides Eastern Asia—Mr. Balfour used these words:—"Surely Asia and Africa are large enough for all of us, and there need be no petty contest, no new jealousies between civilised nations, as to how they are best to turn to account the potential riches of the East and

South. I, for my part, frankly state that so far, for example, from regarding with fear and jealousy a commercial outlet for Russia in the Pacific Ocean, which should not be ice-bound half the year, I should welcome such a result as a distinct advance in this far-distant region." This is, in fact, a pretty distinct enunciation of that doctrine, which is called Spheres of Influence, since the more correct designation has a discourteous bluntness. "There is room enough for both: you take your slice of China; we shall take ours; and we need not quarrel." Her Majesty's Government did not quite say that, in so many words; but if the forms of diplomacy had permitted, they might very well have done so. At any rate, we cannot see why the Russian Foreign Office should be credited with the "duplicity" we are so ready to ascribe to it, because it has steadily taken this view of the matter. After all, that is what we have come to in the end. The Open Door is abandoned. We put our hands to a document which gives up the North to the enterprise of the Russians, on condition that they do not meddle with the Centre. This is virtual Partition, call it by what polite euphemism we please.

And we should do well to consider what this division means. We may as well understand that Northern China—not merely Manchuria—goes henceforth to Russia. Do we suppose that they have taken all this trouble, and almost risked a war with us, to be content with the sovereignty of more Tartar tribes and some further stretches of half-frozen desert? The idea is preposterous. If Russia allows us to earmark for ourselves the six great central provinces, with their hundred and fifty millions of people and their magnificent resources, she expects her equivalent. And she believes she will get it, by commercial supremacy in the provinces of Shing-king, Chi-li, and Shan-si, and by predominance in Peking. The political centre of China is within her grasp. Even if we prevent her making a railway connexion to the capital, which for our part we cannot see that we have the smallest claim to do under the new Convention, we cannot keep her influence from becoming supreme in the seat of the Manchu Sovereigns. How can it be otherwise when she will be able to mobilise, on the Great Wall itself, within easy striking distance of Peking, a European army whenever it suits her? When she can march into the Purple City quite comfortably, and at leisure, with nothing to interfere with her but the Empress' ridiculous braves, and with British ironclads fretting impotently four hundred miles distant at Wei-hai-wei? Whether we like it or not, Northern China is Russia's, if Russia wills.

We regard the new Convention as a statesmanlike recognition of this inevitable fact. Instead of bullying Russia in order to make her pretend to give up claims which she does not mean to abandon, we tacitly acquiesce in them. We may not be pleased, but there seems no help for it. In compensation we look elsewhere; we have the Basin of the Yang-tse. Really, the Spheres of Influence system does not work so badly, if this division is carried out; for the Yang-tse region is large enough and rich enough to satisfy anybody. India, itself, could not offer more bounteous opportunities for British commerce, industry, finance, administrative energy. We might well be content to let Russia "boss" the Peking Government and dominate the North, if we could be really secure in the development of this splendid tract of Asia. But one thing there is to be said. Russia means to make her "sphere" a real possession. She will not suffer it to exist merely as a diplomatic formula. Her railways, her officials, her Cossacks, will be all over the area before long; she begins, as we see, the moment the ink is dry on the Convention, to talk of conquering Peking by rail. But our sphere, at present, is a nebulous abstraction. We have done little more to secure ourselves in the Basin of the Yang-tse than in the Basin of the Mississippi. Our merchants are carrying on some trade there, as they have done for years past, and that is all. So far we have taken no steps to make this region our own in any sense; whether by acquiring command of the routes of transit, or in some other mode. But it is absolutely essential that we should lose no time in establishing ourselves tangibly in the district. Having entered upon the division policy, we must accept its responsi-

bilities, if we are to get any good out of it. Otherwise, we may find that, a dozen years hence, when Russia is solidly planted on the Pei-ho, with the Emperor as her puppet, and a company of her drilled Manchus and Mongols in every North China village, our own work in the Central States has all to begin. This would never do; but it may come to pass, if we fail to understand the true nature of the situation in the Far East. Instead of going to sleep on the assumption that there is still a self-contained, self-supporting Chinese Kingdom, let us realise that the division is in progress. The Russians are preparing to assimilate their portion. We must take care not to let slip that which should fall to ourselves.

"WHO GOES HOME?"

THE Feast of the Gift of Tongues will be celebrated in Parliament by closing the doors at Westminster for a season somewhat longer than is either desirable or deserved. If the legislative achievements of the House of Commons during the present session were all the credentials that could be urged in favour of a holiday we should incline to think that such relaxation might reasonably be postponed. But, recognising as we do that this session had no pretension even in its earliest days to be anything more sensational than humdrum ("useful if not heroic" in the words of the seconder of the Address) we cheerfully admit that a Whitsuntide recess (in moderation) has been amply earned by a House of Commons that has done nothing to upset the domestic tranquillity of the nation and much to claim its confidence. It is fair to say that since February the attention of the people of England has been fixed largely upon administration, and less than usual upon legislation actual or prospective. When we know for certain that there is a truce between two armies our war correspondents have time to busy themselves with the composition and the personnel of the contending fighting machines: then it is that the daily habits of the generals, the attitude of the staff, the grievances of the rank and file come most properly under review.

Unquestionably up to the present stage of the session the parliamentary laurels have been carried off by Mr. Balfour. Dating from the series of brilliant speeches which he made upon the several amendments to the Address, down to this very week when everyone is talking of the knowledge, tact and skill with which he has piloted the London Government Bill through the channels of parliamentary opposition, he has increased his hold upon the House of Commons. The personal equation has not diminished; that will never be: but constant attendance, mental alertness and unflagging industry have had their reward. Never was there more excuse for sword to rust in its sheath.

In the Opposition the volcanoes have been more than usually extinct, and important criticism has been all too infrequent from the Liberal benches. The "superfluity of retired leaders" to which Lord Rosebery has lately referred lends an additional difficulty to unity of action amongst the different schools of thought whose duty it is to oppose, and we are suspicious that the utter disintegration which is now apparent upon the Liberal benches is unhealthy in its effect upon the large majority that confronts it. We can, however, scarcely blame the "party" for not proceeding to the attack without a bugle to sound the advance: still less can we wonder at its mystification when, as in the case of the Sudan debate, Sir Edward Grey sounds one call, Mr. Morley sounds another, and the new "Leader" sounds a combination of the two! Since the debate on the Address little interest has been shown in parliamentary proceedings by the accredited Liberal leaders: they have kept silence within the House to an unprecedented extent, and have confined themselves out-of-doors to unedifying pronouncements on their own decay. Sir William Harcourt's return, however, was the signal for many of the stalwarts to gird up their loins and prepare for battle. Dreams of hot controversy over the Budget and bloated armaments gladdened the heart of the peace-loving Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends.

The Nonconformist politician, eager to govern another Church beside his own, panted for the tenth of May, the Liverpool Bill, and for Sir William's ecclesiastical guidance. The Budget came in due course, so did the Bill; so also did the speeches from West Monmouth. But—and it is a sign of the times—magniloquence about Little England, with "Defiance, not defence" for a text, had lost all its savour whilst the prophet was on a journey; and as for the Church speech, the best that could be said was that everybody had read it long ago in the newspaper. In view, then, of the obvious fact that imperial claims justify high expenditure, and that the High Church section of the Radical party is being surely estranged by Sir William's action, we may reasonably doubt whether either of these interesting topics will be a good cock to fight at a General Election.

In pursuance of our review we need not linger long upon the Opposition side of the House. The lion's share of the work on the London Government Bill has fallen to Mr. Sydney Buxton, who has never left his seat, except to speak, since the Bill reached the Committee stage: and his reasonableness has more than once influenced the three or four fierce fighters who sit behind him, softening in turn the persistency of Mr. Stuart and the acerbity of Mr. Trevelyan. Let us now cross the floor of the House, stopping only to notice the gulf finally fixed between the Irish party and their quondam allies. Sir Campbell Bannerman's declaration that they were always "seeking to attain the unattainable," and Lord Rosebery's not unnatural desire to put the clock back to '85, determined that once and for all.

Upon the Government side there is a noticeable change from last session. The China party has seemingly ceased to exist. We believe that it is because they are largely in agreement with the recent treaty arrangements with Russia, and also that the action of Lord Salisbury both with regard to Fashoda and to Muscat has afforded to the nation and to the world an exhibition of that spirit of resoluteness which they were determined to elicit. But the same men are there, watching the progress of events as carefully as ever, and ready to perform once more the services of stimulating the Government, who are doubtless duly grateful. Another small band there is "below the gangway" whose primary cause of cohesion was the Church "crisis." It is led by Lord Cranborne and Lord Hugh Cecil on matters ecclesiastical, and by Mr. Lionel Holland when the subject is social reform. We are speaking the minds of many when we say that we look for great things from a combination of these two sections. We suggest to them an amalgamation of forces with a view to giving their intellectual and moral influences a wider scope for employment. Upon the Government Front Bench the newcomer Mr. Wyndham has done well in the House during his brief term of office. Nothing could have been better than his statement in presenting his Army Estimates unless perhaps his skill in defending them. The touch of personal knowledge with which he always invests his speeches charms the House of Commons as surely as does his blessed lack of the red-tape manner. Mr. Brodrick discharges the duties of Under-Secretary of State with unassuming efficiency and tact, while Mr. Chaplin has had the wisdom to keep out of the way.

Thus at the close of the second lap of the sessional race, it is difficult to see where the Government can even be pressed, with nothing new before them to discuss but Estimates and one or two Bills of secondary importance, including the gift to Lord Kitchener of Khartum. We do not say that many more speeches by Sir John Gorst of the kind to which he has accustomed the House of Commons would not be disastrous to the harmony of the Conservative Party. But in the meantime if the administration of the country's affairs is kept at the high level during the next three months it has stood at during the past four; if the Half Timers Bill is safeguarded and passed, which the Government's happy decision as to the date of re-assembly will probably ensure; and if, at the close of the Session, the Nile, Niger and Russian treaties together with the London Government Bill were to

stand as the sessional assets to the credit of the Government, they need not fear the electorate very much more than the House.

PREFERENTIAL DUTIES.

WE do not propose in this article to discuss figures, which are of course indispensable to the practical handling of economic questions, but are not necessary for our present purpose. We merely desire for the moment to note one or two undisputed facts, and to disentangle a few important principles from the maze of details, in which all tariff questions are involved. Nothing is more striking than the still unavowed, but unmistakable, change of opinion in influential quarters towards this question of tariff policy. Acts are more eloquent than words, and during the past twelve months two steps have been taken which are unquestionably the most important moves since 1846 in the direction of a revision of our tariff. In July 1897, Lord Salisbury "denounced," i.e. gave notice to terminate, the commercial treaties between Great Britain and Germany and Belgium, which prohibited this country from giving to or taking from any of its colonies tariff advantages which were not equally accorded to the two Powers in question. The treaties lapsed a year later, and the Government of the Dominion of Canada responded by passing a law reducing by 25 per cent. the duties on all goods coming from countries which admitted Canadian goods duty free. As Great Britain was the only country which admitted, or was likely to admit, Canadian goods free of duty, the new law was practically a preferential tariff accorded to the Mother-country by her most important colony. The chief obstacle, we were always told, to a preferential tariff between England and her colonies was the existence of engagements with foreign Powers. By the action of Lord Salisbury that obstacle has now been removed, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier took immediate advantage of the change. Australia and New Zealand are both disposed to follow suit when opportunity serves, and if Mr. Rhodes had been permitted to have his way three or four years ago, South Africa would have already taken a step in the same direction.

Thus the ground has been cleared, and we are left face to face with our colonies. The other day, in the debate on the increased Wine duties, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is known to be the most rigorous Free-trader in the Cabinet, made a very important admission. Sir Howard Vincent had been pressing him to exempt from the increase of duty the wines imported from our Australian colonies. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, though he refused to do this, said: "But I entirely admit there is something to be said on the other side, and I quite admit this question cannot be treated solely as a fiscal question; it is not merely a question of pounds shillings and pence. Nothing has been more marked in recent years than the growth in this country and the colonies of the imperial sentiment, the desire in every way possible to promote more and more imperial unity, and it may be, as this sentiment increases, a way may be found to remove present difficulties, which to my mind are grave indeed." From an unsentimental person like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach this was a concession indeed; and subsequently he did actually reduce the duties on the wines in question, not to please the Australians, but to promote the importation of light wine, "by way of balm for healing" his own orthodoxy, which we certainly do not grudge. But surely these transactions point to a remarkable veering round of the minds of our "pastors and masters" on the subject of tariffs. For this occasion we do not put the matter forward as one of sentiment, but of business. It pays to treat friends better than strangers, as any one conversant with the ways of commerce will admit. Any attempt on the part of the Mother-country to impose her own revenue-tariff on colonies which tax for protection would of course be impracticable. An old and rich country stands in a different position from a young and poor one. Each colony must be left free to arrange its own tariff to meet its own needs or to suit its own ideas. The important principle, which is slowly

but surely winning its way, is that British goods at a colonial custom-house and colonial goods at a British custom-house shall pay lighter toll than is levied on the goods of the foreigner. That we have at all events the right to make such an arrangement, if we choose, has in the past year been declared to the world.

Another equally important question is emerging from the limbo of *res judicate*, and causing many searchings of heart amongst the older generation of writers and speakers. In view of the fact that Cobden's universal free trade is receding farther and farther into the distance, shall we not be compelled to use our tariff as a weapon in the war of markets? The policy of the "open door" sounds very enlightened; but does it not come to this? As soon as we have acquired, by diplomacy or arms, a new sphere or province, we open the door to the goods of all the world. But when Russia, or Germany, or France, has by similar means acquired a similar territory, prohibitive duties are promptly levied on British goods. Is not this rather a silly game to play at, merely for the sake of a fine phrase? Would anyone act in this Quixotic fashion in the management of his own affairs? Some perception of the absurdity of the thing is, we fancy, creeping over the minds of our governors, sorely against the grain. For the older generation of public men learned their political economy in the fifties from Stuart Mill and Peelite orators. It is a great bore to have to sit down in one's old age and begin afresh the study of political economy, which requires for its conquest the ardour of youth. Nevertheless the thing will have to be done, unless indeed the task be left to the next generation, which, taking into account the cowardice and laziness of mankind, is probably what will happen. Be that as it may, we record our conviction that the way to obtain accommodation for British goods in foreign markets is by the familiar process of bargain, not by theories, but by tariffs.

GILDING THE PILL.

THERE can surely be none so churlish that he will refuse his tribute of cordial approval of the efforts which have been so generously and indefatigably lavished to promote the British Nurses' Association. Such an institution must appeal to everyone in an age when there is scarcely one among us who is not or does not fancy himself to be in a state of chronic malady. These are the doctor's golden days, and a generation which has almost destroyed distance, has considerably cheapened time, and begins to anticipate a possible extirpation of strife and poverty, is well advised in setting seriously to work to carry the war into the microbes' country. How far that campaign can ever be triumphant is open to doubt, and there is food for reflection in the fact that, apart from the arsenals of surgery, our medical munitions and armouries are very little more effective to-day than they were long before telegraphs or railways or even gunpowder had been conceived. Still, whatever we may think of the future of doctoring (and it is significant that the word has come to mean little more than temporary patching), we cannot admit two opinions as to the usefulness of nurses. It is not so very long since Betsy Prig died, but she has now been as decently buried as Queen Anne, and stands an equally small chance of resuscitation. Her successors have developed so strong a sense of tenderness, self-sacrifice and devotion, have won their way so far into the hearts of those whose pillows they have smoothed with such great patience and precision, that none will grudge them the substantial provision which is now being made for their comfort.

But while we laud the ends in view, we find it difficult altogether to justify the means which are habitually employed to coerce unwilling purses. It is undoubtedly true and withal humorous that the average Englishman prefers his charity under a form of commerce, but that does not excuse appeals to his instincts of snobbery and dissipation. Let us hasten to make it clear that we do not suggest anything wrong in connexion with the *Café Chantant* at the *Hôtel Cecil*. But the name and form of the entertainment were undoubtedly

selected as a lure for those minds which, conscious of unctuous rectitude, yet cherish a craving for risky delights and clutch at any prospect of gratifying it, however obviously disingenuous the invitation may be. We have the story of Muhammad's mountain over again: those whom Mrs. Grundy does not permit to visit a music-hall are overjoyed when a pretext can be found whereby a music-hall may be brought to them. And, given the sanction of minor royalty, there are few follies and ineptitudes which they will not come to relish. They will also throng to functions of utter dulness—second-rate concerts, dreary bazaars, and even municipal ceremonies—all the weary round which discounts the pleasures of princes: it is enough that, during a brief space, they stand in the society of those whom they may never know, they exhibit their finest clothes amid others far finer than themselves, they glean a sufficiency of eavesdroppings to regale the tea-tables of the suburbs with yarns and yawns. These are blame-worthy but find partial condonation in the fact that at least they obtain value for their money: however contemptible we may deem their desires, the gratification thereof is for them the equivalent of the sacrifices they incur. On the other hand, the higher we ascend the social scale, the more foolish does such aberration appear. Whether dragooned by the dictates of fashion, or allured by unconventional vistas, or inflated with egregious aspirations, the upper vulgarians do not receive either a material or a social *quid pro quo*. Do they buy at bazaars, they pay for their purchases, some thirtyfold, some sixtyfold, some an hundredfold; do they dabble in a lottery or raffle, the odds are more cruel than on the shadiest racecourse or at the lowest gambling-den; do they virtually hire their titled guests or bribe their way into exclusive saloons, they are only bored or patronised or snubbed for their pains. As they are often exceptionally shrewd in every other vocation, it might be concluded that, if they submit to be gulled so easily, they must do so with their eyes open as willing victims to the sacred calls of charity. And yet this unworldliness is neither benevolence nor mere affectation. The self-made man, having a fool for his maker, is as foolish when confronted with the subtleties of society as he is impregnable upon his own rock of affairs. He has been brought up to believe that the price of a social exequatur is above rubies, and he is prepared to bid for it, as he would for a blue diamond or a black pearl, with sublime disregard of intrinsic value. Here his ignorance of the wares renders him a ready dupe.

The question whether it is fair to take advantage of his ignorance and snobbery encroaches upon a wide field of ethics. No doubt we are confronted by the naked fact that the vast majority will not subscribe to charities in the old humdrum way, even though a stout percentage of the gifts be devoted to advertising the names of the givers. But there must be some limit to the permissible methods of compelling their generosity, some bounds to the enormous indiscretions which charity may decently cover. It would seem as though we had not yet advanced very far since the day when a duchess bought a butcher's vote with a kiss. When we see high-born ladies proffering programmes to Jews who loll and smoke at little tables, when we find grand seigniors frequenting uncongenial and even undesirable society to extract a few hundreds for a pet scheme, we are free to confess that they had been better advised to subscribe the money themselves rather than to earn it in such devious ways. It has perhaps not occurred to them hitherto that they verily earn the money by their abasement, that they sell favours, which should be priceless, to persons who only pay for what seems to be value received; else, if they must earn in order to give, would they surely earn in some more seemly fashion. Doubtless they will retort that they do well if only they foster a spirit of philanthropy in undeveloped spheres, but it may be asserted without cynicism that those who can only be brought to coquet with charity as a means to a social end are no great acquisition to any cause. We do not question the motives of the actors and singers, who are always zealous of good works. Indeed we might complain that their kindness is often imposed upon, were it not that they find an inevitable guerdon in the advertisement, which is

necessarily part of their stock-in-trade. By all means let them congregate, sing, dance, juggle or jump, to the eventual solace of the poor: this is their profession and they are giving nothing away by the performance. Let us also prefer those entertainments whose proceeds are allotted to charitable purposes, but this without arrogating to ourselves the rôles of Lords and Ladies Bountiful or any other travesty which shall befit us just as ill. Qui meruit, ferat the cap and bells; nor let us grasp a gratitude we have by no means earned.

GREEK BRONZES.*

TRULY the antique bronzes at the British Museum make a wondrous collection. That head of Hypnos [No. 267], with its dreamy and enigmatic look, is one of the most fascinating things we know: it is Sleep in all its mysterious gentleness and sweetness—Sleep the god who carries in the soft folds of his owl-wings nothing but soothing visions and respite for all sorrows! "Ἀναξ πάντων τε θεῶν πάντων τ' ἀνθρώπων, master of all gods and of all men! So Hera addresses him in the Iliad, when she begs him to enthrall the great Zeus himself. The head is so beautiful and so perfect in technique, that we cannot help believing it to be a genuine relic of one of Praxiteles' original works. And why not? A master in Greek æsthetics has very correctly remarked that our bronze "reveals the qualities of Praxiteles perhaps better than any other ancient work," and its close and intimate affinity with the head of Apollo the Lizard-Killer, in the numerous extant replicas of this indubitable work of the master, is obvious. Besides, the original Hypnos-statue seems to have ultimately found its way to Rome, like so many other Greek masterpieces, and Perugia, near which the lovely head was unearthed, is after all not very distant.

In strong contrast with the ideal head of Hypnos, its next neighbour exhibits the life-like iconic head of a Lybian lord of old [No. 268], treated in the realistic style which Lysippos and his successors introduced in portraiture. It is realism itself,—but realism as the Greeks conceived it, realism with the addition of that wonderful gift of theirs, style, which raises nature to the summit of eternal beauty. Near by stands alone in a central case the grand female head found in Armenia [No. 266]. Call the deity it represents as you like, Anahit, Aphrodite, Artemis, she is the goddess of triumphant love, the enchantress, the "slayer-of-men," ἀνδροφόνος, conscious of her own fatal beauty and strength, conscious that none can escape her, and that the world is hers. She stares at you with her vacant eyes (once inlaid with precious stones or enamel), and gives you an impression of indefinable and mystical awe.

Under different names, Ishtoret, Athare, Derceto, Astarté, Tanit, the "éternel féminin," the divinity of love—but of sensual and lascivious love—was the supreme goddess of all the peoples inhabiting anterior Asia. The Greeks borrowed her from them, and worshipped her as Aphrodite. The Armenians called her Anahit, and her principal shrine with them was at Eriza, where a golden xoanon of the goddess, said to have been anterior to the most ancient bronze statues ever cast, was preserved till the time of Antonius, by whom it was destroyed and cut into pieces for distribution amongst his veterans.

Moses of Khorene, an Armenian historian of the fifth century B.C., relates in the eleventh chapter of the second book of his history, how Ardaches (King of Armenia Magna, the same as Artaxias, who made himself independent from the Seleucids some time after the battle of Magnesia in 190 B.C.), "having found in Asia gilt-bronze statues of Artemis, Herakles, and Apollo, had them brought over to Armenia." In Chapter XIV. of the same book, the writer tells how Dicran (Tigranes the Great,† son of Artaxias, whom he succeeded in 97 or 95 B.C.), erected these same statues in temples he

built for them, the statue of Artemis finding its place in the sanctuary at Eriza. Near that very shrine (the modern Erzindjân), a Turkish peasant, named Khalil-aghâ, found, early in the seventies, the head now before us. He took it over to Constantinople, where the late Photiades Pacha bought it. The Pacha, who was a fervent numismatist, bartered it for Greek coins with Alessandro Castellani, by whom it was ultimately sold to the Museum in 1875. There can be little doubt that this head once belonged to the gilt-bronze statue of Artemis mentioned by Moses of Khorene. A close inspection of the relic shows that it was probably originally gilt—or at any rate that the bronze itself (aurichalcum) was of such a bright colour as to have been easily mistaken for gold. The name of Artemis given to the statue need not trouble us: Rayet (Monuments de l'Art Antique, II. pl. 44) remarks that Anahit is usually called Artemis by the Greeks and by the Armenian historians, whilst she ought really to be identified with Aphrodite. In Chapter LXXXVI. of the same book, Moses gives us a clue explaining the actual state of the head, and its violent separation from the body of the statue, when he relates how, after the conversion of Armenia to Christianity, the idols were destroyed by the order of S. Gregory the Illuminator. After a lapse of more than fifteen centuries, the magnificent bronze, desecrated of old in its own shrine as an impure pagan emblem, is now worshipped again, but as a marvel of art, in the Museum which has become its modern sanctuary.

The history of the Erzindjân bronze has carried us far away from others we wished to review, and how many more there are which deserve attention! With the exception of the fine but rather over-rated "Leg of Colossal Statue" [No. 265] bought from Mr. Piot in 1886, and of the Marsyas [No. 269], a very interesting replica of Myron's celebrated work—the remaining larger bronzes are all referable to the Hellenistic or "dilettanti" period of Greek art, conventionally dated from the middle of the second century downwards. To this period belongs the attractive iconic head of a poet [No. 847] (Homer (?) or Pindar (?)) which may be compared with the portrait-head of a Lybian lord mentioned above. Nearly as beautiful, it lacks the power and sincerity of the earlier monument. The "Seated Philosopher" [No. 848], the "Meleager" [No. 1453], and the Apollo [No. 987] from the Towneley collection, afford exquisite examples of that refined Greco-Roman art, in which artificial grace and elegance had to a certain extent superseded style and sincerity, the two bases on which Greek art in its prime was built.

The smaller bronzes take us back to the unsurpassed fifth and fourth centuries B.C. Among them are some of the most marvellous gems in the museum: the Payne-Knight Apollo [No. 209], with all the charm of its early archaism; the exquisite "female figure" [No. 192] with diamond eyes, of the first half of the fifth century; the world-renowned embossed bronzes from Siris [No. 285], remnants of a cuirass only worthy of a god's wearing; and above all the "heroic figure" [No. 286] from Lake Bracciano—perhaps the finest small bronze in the world.

The Paramythia bronzes [Nos. 272-281] discovered in 1792 and 1796 near Dodona in Epirus—and once the glory of the Payne-Knight collection—are all beautiful; but the one we prefer is that superb Poseidon [No. 274] (or Zeus), which in its diminutive size has all the grandeur and style of a large statue. More graceful, but not so grand in style, is the Apollo from Thessaly [No. 271], most likely inspired by Praxiteles' Apollino. The Aphrodite Anadyomene [No. 1084] from the Pourtales collection, though much later in execution, is another fine example of Praxitelean style.

The most illustrious monument in the collection is not however a work of art, but a mere common helmet [No. 250] of indifferent shape, such as might have been worn by any obscure soldier in the fifth century B.C., or even by a Parliamentarian in the seventeenth century A.D. But that helmet was dedicated to Olympian Zeus by Hieron of Syracuse and his people, as part of the spoil taken from the Etruscans at the naval battle of Kyme (474 B.C.), the second of the two great victories (the other one is the battle of Himera, won over the Carthaginians in 480 B.C.) by which Hellas

* "Catalogue of the Bronzes, Greek, Roman, and Etruscan, in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum." By H. B. Walters, M.A., F.S.A., Assistant in the Department. London: Printed by order of the Trustees. 1899.

† The British Museum possesses a magnificent unique coin of this king.

was liberated through the Greek lords of Sicily from its Western foes, whilst Athens and Sparta fought the battles of freedom against the Eastern barbarians. Pindar (Pyth. I., v. v. 71-80) unites in one common praise Salamis and Platea, Himera and Kyme. The inscription on the helmet, in its grand Doric conciseness and simplicity, is worthy of the glorious event it commemorates. It reads as follows: *HIAPON O ΔΕΙΝΟΜΕΝΕΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΙ ΣΥΡΑΚΟΣΙΟΙ ΤΟΙ ΔΙ ΤΥΡΑΝ ΑΙΙΟ ΚΥΜΑΣ*—"Hiero the son of Deinomenes, and the Syracusans have dedicated to Zeus these Etruscan spoils from Kymê."

All those treasures and many more are now properly described and explained in the new catalogue issued by the Trustees as a worthy sequence to those previous which include already most of the other sections in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Mr. Walters who is responsible, under Mr. A. Murray's supervision, for this publication, is to be congratulated on having brought to completion a long, difficult and complicated task. His introduction gives a brief sketch of the formation of the collection, and an exhaustive and scholarly history of bronze-working in antiquity. Such a compendium was really wanted and will prove most valuable to students as well as to the public at large. The descriptions of the individual objects are generally complete and accurate,—but the classification (admittedly a very difficult matter) is unsatisfactory and often misleading: to unite, for instance, in one section under the heading of "Archaic Bronzes (550-460 B.C.)" monuments belonging to the period of infancy and monuments belonging to the very prime of Greek art, including all the intermediate stages, is utterly confusing. The Greek inscriptions ought undoubtedly to have been translated, so as not to be a dead letter for the vast majority of the readers.

As for the plates, it is very much to be regretted that all the larger bronzes and some of the best of the small ones should have been omitted. Illustrations in a museum catalogue ought to be representative of the collection, and give the "fleur du panier" of all the best things it contains. A stranger to the museum would form a very inadequate idea of the collection, from the bronzes reproduced in the new catalogue. The plates could also have been placed in a better chronological order. But these are criticisms of detail: the catalogue as a whole deserves praise, and will be valued by all archaeologists and should be valued by all artists.

QUAIL.

IT seems certain that the quail does not, except in rare seasons, now visit these islands in its former plenty. Even in Ireland, where these charming little game-birds have been more abundant during the present century than in England, their numbers seem to have been steadily decreasing. Thirty or forty years ago, and even later, it was not uncommon in the sister island to make bags of from four to five brace of quail in a day in certain localities. Now, even in Ireland, the presence of a brace of these birds in the game bag is a rare event. In England more quail seem to have been heard of during the present year and in 1893 than for many seasons past. These were exceptionally dry years, and there can be little doubt that a droughty and prolonged summer is more favourable to the presence of quail in this country than any other. It would almost seem, indeed, that these birds were able to foretell a dry season and to extend their migration accordingly. It is probable also that in dry late summers quail delay their southern migration, and are more often found by gunners in September. In Devonshire, Sussex, Cardiganshire, Yorkshire and other English counties quail were shot during last season. A brace were shot in Cardiganshire on September 22 in a locality where they had neither been seen nor heard of for thirty years. In the burning summer of 1893 a remarkable number of quail arrived and bred in this country. The usual period of the return migration is during the month of August, but in that year they were seen or shot in September in a large number of English counties. They remained, too, much later than usual and were

heard of even in the month of November. Occasionally, however, as with landrail, a few stray quail, as the result of a late hatching or from some temporary disablement, stay with us through the winter and brave the rigours of our harsh climate—to them no doubt hateful—as best they can. In January 1806, Lord Fitzharris, when shooting in Ireland near the sea coast, flushed and shot three quail, a male, female and young bird, which were all fat and in good condition.

There are several reasons to account for the scarcity of quail in Britain at the present time. One is, of course, the probability that high farming and drainage have gradually tended to make this country less inviting than of old. Quail like plenty of shelter; and bare stubbles, a lack of coarse grass and other rough covert with the disappearance of certain kinds of food, have probably tended to drive these birds to other and less highly cultivated countries. An Irish sportsman has described the favourite lying ground for quail as being in "dirty stubble, the rough edge of a bog, or the 'turning rig' of a potato field where weeds have been allowed to grow." But the main reason for the present scarcity lies probably in the fact that the vast spring migrations from North Africa and Asia through Southern Europe are steadily diminishing. For ages quail have been captured by the various European peoples bordering upon the Mediterranean in numbers that are perfectly astonishing. The island of Capri, especially, has been renowned for a thousand years and more for the prodigious flights of quail netted there, and the wealth of the island is considerably augmented by the sale of captured birds. The quail begin to arrive in April and continue to pass northward until the middle of May. The season lasts for about three weeks and during that period in a good migration about 150,000 quails were taken at Capri alone sixty or eighty years ago. The birds are taken almost entirely by means of nets. At the present day a fair catch of quails in Capri during the April migration is estimated at about 60,000 birds. It is at once apparent that the falling off from 150,000 birds, at which the spring captures within one small area were computed some seventy years ago, is a very serious one and partially accounts for the diminished numbers observed of late years in Britain. This system of netting takes place all along the Mediterranean; it has no doubt increased with the general increase in population; and the decrease in the number of quail captured observable in Capri extends to most other places where these birds are taken. In Britain two hundred years ago most country gentlemen possessed a quail pipe—such as is in use even now in South Europe—for the purpose of decoying these birds. Even such prolific creatures as quail can scarcely be expected for ever to contend successfully against this annual drain upon their legions. Yet they exhibit astonishing powers of recuperation, and occasionally reappear in their ancient haunts in marvellous abundance.

During the April migration the birds arrive in the South of Europe in but poor condition. They are mostly captured alive, for the reason that a live quail is a far more valuable asset than a dead one. From the South of Europe they are despatched alive north, east and west to the various markets that await them. Those that escape the nets scatter over the face of Europe and proceed to mate, nest, and rear their young. In the autumn migration, after a steady course of feeding in their European abiding-places, they are fat and in high condition. A naturally fattened autumn bird is far more delicious than a quail that has been stuffed at a poulterer's in the low, unwholesome modern cages with which we are familiar. It is to be noted that in Capri last year quails were more plentiful than for many seasons past. That this increase in the migration is likely to be maintained is more than doubtful. The decrease in the number of quails annually captured in Europe has not escaped notice. The French Government have prohibited the sale, importation, and transport of live quails in and through their territory, and it would be well if other European countries, our own included, could be induced to follow this excellent example. Many years ago it was computed by the naturalist Yarrell, after due inquiry, that three thousand dozens of quail were purchased from foreign dealers by the

London poulterers in a single season. It would be interesting to know how many quail are annually disposed of in London now. Probably the 36,000 of Yarrell's time would be easily passed.

The quail makes her nest very much as does the partridge, and lays six or seven eggs. The young develop early the fighting propensity for which these birds are famous. The sharp note of the male bird is of three syllables, and in some parts of Ireland the local name for quail, "wet my lip," is manifestly adapted from the bird's well-known call. For its pugnacious and aggressive disposition, the quail has been used as a fighting bird—much as gamecocks were once used in England—in many countries and for long ages. The Greeks and Romans fought mains with them, and there is a story that the Emperor Augustus once punished a prefect of Egypt with death for having destroyed and served at a banquet a famous fighting quail. The Chinese, to this day, match quails one against another, as also the Italians in some parts.

The common quail has an immense migratory range. During summer it is to be found scattered over the vast regions of North Europe and much of Northern Asia. Near Britain it has been observed as far north as the Faroe Isles. Before autumn it wings its flight again far south and east into warmer quarters, its migration extending to India—where in the north-west it is found in very large numbers—and even as far south as the Cape Colony, where in certain seasons it is extraordinarily abundant. Besides the true or common quail (*Coturnix communis*) two other species are found in South Africa: the Cape Quail (*C. Capensis*) and the Harlequin Quail (*C. Delegorguei*); while in India, China and Japan yet other species are found. New Zealand had formerly a quail of its own (*C. Novæ Zealandiæ*), which, forty or fifty years ago, was shot by the colonists in large numbers. This bird, it is to be feared, has been persecuted out of existence. Small relations of the true quail, known as Swamp and Painted quails, are found in various parts of the world. The bustard-quails, the tiniest game-birds in existence, sometimes known as hemipodes, but commonly referred to by sportsmen as button-quails, are found also in Africa, various parts of Asia, the Malay Archipelago, and Australia. The quail itself is very much like a partridge in miniature: but the diminutive bustard-quail is an absurd likeness in little of its big cousin the partridges.

To sportsmen the quail is of course well known. In countries where it is abundant it affords excellent shooting, and very large bags are often made over dogs. In Spain, for example, at the present time, fifty couple can be secured in a single day by an expert gunner. In North-West India similar bags are made in good seasons, while in Cape Colony, during a good quail season—which is reckoned by the Dutch farmers as about one year in six—first-rate and very delightful shooting is also obtainable.

There is to be found no sort of reference to this game-bird in the Badminton volumes on shooting, from which it is to be gathered that its elimination as a British sporting bird is almost complete. Yet old sporting works evidently regarded the quail as a common English game-bird and have very precise instructions concerning the various methods of pursuing it. Thus the "Gentleman's Recreation," published in the reign of Charles II., not only gives plain directions how to take these birds with call-pipe, net, and liming, by stalking horse, or by the setting dog, but sets forth at length a curious system of netting with the "Low Bell" and links or other lights, by which "good store of Partridge, Rails, Larks, Quails," were to be taken.

ZWINGLIUS.

THE name of Huldreich Zwingli, or Zwinglius, has a great place in the literature of the reformed Church of England, and it has continued in the usage of controversialists until the present time. In the voluminous correspondence provoked by the "crisis" references to the Swiss Reformer have been frequent and not always relevant. His name however is a symbol rather than a memory: it rather expresses a

theory than denotes a person. Zwinglianism stands over against "Lutheranism" and "Anglicanism" as the thorough-going logical contradiction of every theory of the "Real Presence." Probably Zwingli is the least known of all the reformers, and yet in some respects he is the most interesting. His sphere of action was a small one. He did not in his own day attract the notice or wield the influence of his Saxon rival, but it may be fairly questioned whether in the long run his contribution to the religious development of Europe has not been more considerable than Luther's. The two men were born within a few weeks of one another, they reached their conclusions independently and by diverse routes; their conceptions, methods, ideals were different, and they neither understood nor trusted one another. Zwingli was a son of the Alps, bred among republican peasants in the altitudes where the eternal snow disputes the advance of civilisation, breathing a political atmosphere from his cradle, and inheriting from generations of free ancestors a rough contempt for the hierarchies of mediæval Christendom. He had seen very early the seamy side of contemporary society. As a young man of character and influence he had attracted the notice of Cardinal Schinner, the representative in Switzerland of the warlike Julius II. A papal pension of fifty florins secured his services for the cardinal and enabled him to pursue the theological, and especially the classical, studies to which he was passionately devoted. Switzerland at that time was a hive of mercenaries; and as such an object of anxious attention on the part of the great Powers—France, the Papacy, and the Empire—which fought for the rich prize of Italy. An organised system of pensions attached the Confederates to one or other of these opponents. Constantly the Swiss descended from their mountains and waged war in the Peninsula: from such campaigns they returned, if they returned at all, corrupted by the wealth, the vices, and the irreligion for which Italy was famous. The foreign service was an open sore in the community, a plague-spot indicating fatal disease. Throughout his career Zwingli, who had himself accompanied an Italian expedition and been an eyewitness of the monstrous evils which he subsequently denounced, firmly opposed the pension system, and thus waked against himself the relentless animosities of those whose vices he rebuked, whose ambitions he thwarted, and whose gains he cut off. Reformation from the first was for him essentially a national affair: he was always at bottom a politician, and the mould in which his religious opinions took shape was provided by his experience as a social reformer in a free republic. He reached his convictions not, as Luther, through the agonies of spiritual conflict, but naturally through his Biblical and classical studies. The Swiss was a secular priest, a humanist, an exegete, an iconoclast; the German was an Augustinian, a theologian, a mystic, a conservative. It is one of the ironies of history that the Papacy always treated the former with gentleness and the latter with extreme harshness. The quarrels of relatives are immitigable: Luther was in certain important particulars of the same spirit as the Mediæval Church which he broke up. Zwingli was of another spirit altogether. Yet while the Saxon was pursued with relentless hate, the Swiss was flattered and tolerated.

Zwingli's ecclesiastical arrangements reflected the ideas of Swiss democracy, as Luther's those of German aristocracy. The Reformation in Switzerland was an affair of the people, in Germany the business of princes. The contrast runs through the whole process of change in the two countries. We can recognise in the work of the Swiss reformer the characteristics of democracy. On the one hand Swiss Protestantism was thorough, moral, and heroic; on the other hand it was tyrannous, brutal, and inconsistent. The Church reproduced the virtues and the vices of the commune with which it was practically identified. A commune is always in deadly earnest, it scorns half-measures, it is ruthlessly logical. So at Zürich, and wherever the direct influences of Zürich extended, there was a clean sweep made of the old system. The Mass became a love-feast: "idols," including pictures, bells, and organs, as well as crosses, roods, and images, were thrown to the flames: the

recalcitrant citizens were excluded from any share in the civic government; and the community was rigorously purged. But such violence provoke reaction: and such simplicity of logic is not for this world. Zwingli, face to face with the Anabaptists, is driven to use the arguments and take up the position of the hierarchy he had overthrown. It is significant that half a century later Whitgift finds in Zwingli's writings an armoury of weapons against the Puritans, who yet probably owe more to Zwingli than to any other man. This curious element of contradiction runs through Zwingli's theology. He is the true author of English Sabbatarianism, for Calvin but adopted and exaggerated his servile attitude towards the Old Testament; but this legalism was directly opposed to his whole treatment of Christianity. He violently abolished the traditional symbols of religion, and then reduced the Sacraments to mere symbols. Influenced by his classical studies he extended salvation to the eminent Pagans of antiquity, and then promulgated a doctrine of the Divine sovereignty which reduced the liberty of the human will to a mere fiction. Such contradictions could be almost indefinitely multiplied; they reflect the strenuous circumstances of the time not less than the mental confusions of the Reformer, but certainly they add to the difficulty of forming a just estimate of his teaching.

With regard to the Holy Communion his language is not free from ambiguity. "He regarded the Lord's Supper"—says Von Ranke—"in the light of a feast of commemoration and affection. He held to the words of Paul; that we are one body, because we eat of one bread; for, says he, every one confesses by that act that he belongs to the society which acknowledges Christ to be its Saviour, and in which all Christians are one body: this is community in the blood of Christ. He would not admit that he regarded the Eucharist as mere bread. 'If,' said he, 'bread and wine, sanctified by the grace of God, are distributed, is not the whole body of Christ as it were sensibly given to His followers?'" The article, to which both Zwingli and Luther subscribed at Marburg in 1529, seems to go further. "We believe . . . that the Sacrament of the altar is a Sacrament of the true body and blood of Jesus Christ, and that the spiritual partaking of this body and blood is specially necessary to every true Christian." But when the conciliatory Bucer renewed the attempt to unite the Reformers, he had greater success with Luther than with Zwingli, who insisted on accompanying an ambiguous consent with qualifications which neutralised it altogether. If doctrines may be justly judged by their developments, then the Zwinglian doctrine of the Eucharist is not unfairly described in the Articles as one which teaches that "Sacraments ordained by Christ be only badges or tokens of Christian men's profession." When Luther refused Zwingli's hand at Marburg his action was churlish and unchristian, but he said the truth in the memorable words "Ihr habt einen andern Geist als wir." The subsequent history of the Reformation has demonstrated the essential divergence which the outspoken German divined. Of the personality of the Swiss Reformer it must suffice to say that when on the field of Cappel, October 11, 1531, Huldreich Zwingli, a wounded man, was murdered by his enemies, the most attractive of the first generation of Reformers passed away.

COLONISTS IN BOHEMIA.

NOT only bands and fountains play in the Luxemburg Garden; not only Senators stroll about its paths. Hoops bowl along wildly, children after them. Tennis balls fly; races are run; superannuated shadows smile wistfully on this exhilaration. Students take air in the Luxemburg; by Murger's statue, their tribute to his "Vie de Bohème." Fairer Bohemians pass to and fro, independent little persons. "Des Mees," says a student. "Yais," replies another. Their step and style, the decision, the serge skirt, the straw hat betray them: they are English or American. Art calls them across the ocean and channel. Eight in the morning sees them in Julian's studio; dusk in their flats, mysterious three-roomed retreats. Here, abound fans

and ferns and frames and china follies. Here, the chairs, amassed by degrees, differ in complexion and shape. Here, most conspicuous, most substantial of all, stands the *Sommier*. . . . It is not a valuable object; you may buy one any day for nine or ten francs. It is not popular with polite society; the proud ignore it. It belongs to Bohemia. It is just as eccentric. It is never the same. It is ruffled in the morning; smooth at noon; gorgeous at five; very white when dark. To reveal a homely secret: it is a mattress on springs, supported by four stumps, rising two feet from the floor—soft, soothing, sublime—a divan by day, and a couch by night.

The gentle Elia dwelt tenderly on "the regal solitude" of a sick-bed. He should have had a *Sommier*. Its graceful proportions, its subtle charms: the leading part it plays in the life of its owner and the affairs of his, or her, home, would have won his perfect sympathy. How blithely would he have accompanied the fair art-student at Julian's to the upholsterer's; to the dusty little curiosity-shop where discreet draperies are picked up: home again, to see the *Sommier* established in a corner, and made to lose its bedly expression beneath a layer of bright stuffs! With what joy would Elia have seen the same fair student prepare it and the flat for the reception of guests!

On these occasions she rises early. She has all to do, and knows not where, or on what, to begin. She seeks the aid of a friend. She says, "You start here, and I will stay there," but meets her at every point and turn. Both move madly. They find one another at the same boxes, coveting the same stuffs. They dispute over this bit of drapery, over that cushion. Each wants *her* corner to be the most brilliant. One hides a hoard of splendour; the other finds, and maliciously scatters, it. They disagree over the establishing of the ten-franc *Venus de Milo*; over the placing of frames. They raise heaps all over the floor. They stumble and trip. They must walk on their toes. They sink wearily on the *Sommier*. All the hidden litter that congregates in a home has thrust itself forward. Portraits squint. Pictures are topsy-turvy. The *Venus* leans lazily against the wall. Time presses, it is two. Both girls covet but dare not propose lunch. They seek biscuits. They scatter crumbs as they clear. They gather armfuls of rubbish, and hide it, not in the boxes from which it came, but—underneath the *Sommier*. An old lamp appears; it is poked—beneath the *Sommier*. A cup breaks; its pieces are swept—under the *Sommier*. Odd handles, screws, and knobs, that once made part of something, complete the congregation sheltered by this amazing *Sommier*. . . . At five it is of Eastern colour and softness. Bare boxes, padded and cushioned, make other lounges. The *Venus* is stately and straight. Nor is there a trace of unrest about the hostess. Her rooms are admired; her taste applauded. She and her guests sink luxuriously on the *Sommier*.

Cakes appear, old friends: monotonous trifles, you never meet in them a new flavour, or a hidden almond, or a sweet surprise; after a time you know them all. You remember the exact contents of the pink and the green; the precise moment when you will fall on the cherry in the brown. You have handed them about in your own rooms. You have carved that deceptive pyramid again and again. Tea arrives. It is poured out pale. It is scalding and sharp. Over the making of it, your hostess has burned her hands: for Latin Quarter fires hate a kettle and do their best to spill it. These fires are not made of the honest, homely, natural, fuel you throw on, and forget. They need constant watching. This coal is not sold by weight, but by the dozen, or the bit. It is of many shapes and kinds. It goes by different names. It is square, or it is oval, or it is round. It is equipped with some device to make it burn. It is perforated or tarred. It must stand upright or on a slant. It must have a direct draught beneath it (produced by opening the windows and doors); or it must have no draught at all. It must be fanned; or it must not be touched. It must be shielded by the blower. It must never be seen. It must have its own way, or it sulks and subsides.

Casual callers are not welcomed in the Latin Quarter; it is discreet to warn a friend of your coming. Odd

little ceremonies that necessitate disorder and undress are ever in progress: a day's notice is not too long. Sudden rings are ignored at these times. No one stirs; no one speaks. Startled criminals could not be quieter. Faces flush; throats get dry; nerves leap. Not a muscle moves before the caller's departure. A favoured few, however—those who have flats of their own and know their mysteries—gain admittance by a secret whistle. "It is only Alice," says the hostess; and Alice is let in. Homely things are about: the spirit-lamp, the toasting-fork, uncomely cups and jugs. The fire is being fanned. The Venus is packed away in wool. The Sommier has lost its draperies; reveals its hideous hoard beneath. . . . The femme de ménage arrives. She is paid by the hour, and lingers over tasks. She asks for matches, declaring her box to be gone. She seeks it where it is not, discovering only a host of empty ones. She has nothing she wants. She must go on seven errands, when one would have done. Her child calls. He is petted or he is scolded. He is brought in to be shown. His school-life, and that of his friends, is portrayed; his battle with Pierre related. He is given a biscuit, and expects a fifty-centime piece. He, like his mother, is loth to go. Irritating, also, is the concierge. Established on the ground floor, she takes in letters for every flat above, keeps their keys, and shows callers up. Be she a widow, she has a cat. For it she will neglect her tenants, see their letters grow an afternoon old, and forget to light the gas; for it she has tender names: Minette, Bijou, or Bebette; for it she has loving arms and a capacious lap. Minette may go where she will; no one must scold her. Minette may fight all night with Bijou and Bebette; no one must mind her. He who befriends Minette, praises Minette, is careful not to anger Minette, will get his letters sooner than he who criticises and hates Minette.

Occasionally, mothers arrive; brothers too. They have heard of the Sommier. They long to see it; it startles them when they do. They ask if they must sleep sideways, and what will happen if they turn: they dread the moment when they, and it, will be alone. "Mother" must explore, and admire; "Brother" is told to be good. He must smoke his cigar on the stairs: catches cold, meets the femme de ménage, the concierge, and—Minette. He is asked to absent himself all day when the clearing for guests begins; or, he must hang a picture, buy nails, climb and clean, and miss his lunch. He must worship the Venus. He must carry canvases and cartons to Julian's, "because they are heavy." He must distort his face after tea: to pose for a study called "Despair," or stoop like a chiffonnier till his eyes fill with tears and his whole frame aches. He is told to let his hair grow, "like the students," and to buy corduroy clothes and a big hat. Bewildered and dazzled, he returns to London. He may smoke where he will; he may do what he will. His life is calm and comfortable. But as he sits before a fire that burns without fanning and gazes at coals that need no special treatment, he finds himself thinking fondly of that confusing and exciting retreat at whose robing he has so often assisted. He sees Minette, the Venus, the spirit-lamp. He forgives them their follies. He loves them all. He sees the Sommier: ruffled in the morning, smooth at noon, gorgeous at five, very white when dark—soft, soothing, sublime—a divan by day, the Bohemian's couch by night.

IN PARIS.

THE Parisians are to have the Balzac they deserve. M. Falguière, called in by the terrified Society of Men of Letters to take the genius out of Rodin's wild masterpiece, has accomplished his task with such a thorough fatuity that it is difficult not to believe him an accomplice with his friend in an act of contemptuous wit. I am commissioned, he seems to have reasoned, to tone down my friend's figure and I will do it with a vengeance. I will not give them my Balzac, but Rodin's spirit turned into a Man of Letters. I will throw away the whole idea, but I will keep the dressing-gown. In the original this drapery was a servant of the general inspiration, shrouded what

was indifferent, spoke with what was eloquent in the tense upstanding heaven-assailing shape. Now it nails the eye as an ugly dressing-gown, opening to show an enormous trouser and boot with the same complacency with which it opens for the unexpressive head. "His features relaxing into a smile the eminent fictive *littérateur* abandoned his pose, and motioning me to a seat, himself adopted that attitude. 'You will excuse,' he added, with the charming affability that characterises him, 'this *des-habile*; it is only, you see, a dressing-gown after all,' and nursing his knee with both hands he proceeded to give me details of his methods of working." Here, in fact, is interviewer's sculpture, the heroic-chatty. The comedy is completed by M. Rodin's sending a fine bust of M. Falguière to the same exhibition. If the badly treated artist takes things in this magnanimous spirit there is no more to be said. The relations of French artists round about public commissions are too tangled a web for the stranger to unravel.

The *Eve* of M. Rodin does something to redeem this year's Salons from insignificance. Standing without pedestal in the sand, the centre of a wide empty circle, this figure, with its blend of rough-hewn force and softness, has the mysterious life of all the sculptor's work. And how surprising it is in a time of painters and sculptors who are accomplished in everything except painting and sculpture, to find a man always intoxicated with the wine of his own art, and, instead of a fancy hanging a dozen allusive toys about a dummy, to find an imagination that can engender direct shapes and features of awe and enchantment. Another master has been removed from these exhibitions and with him the covenant of his peace sealed upon spacious landscape and patriarch people. His portrait of his wife, a lovely and gracious work, has been hung in memory.

The Salon formerly called of the Champ de Mars is suffering from death, desertion and repletion. It is going the way of the old Salon, of all exhibiting bodies yet invented. There are threats of forming a new association, the nine years' old secession is already smothered by parasites and overgrowth. But in spite of dilettante swayings this way and that the new generation does not seem to throw up artists of the stature of those who are dying off. Perhaps the prodigious hero of M. Zola's new romance "*qui sait aimer et vouloir, qui travaille, crée, enfante sans relâche*" (see notices) will be rewarded with an artist or two for his untiring exertions. But for the moment force seems to flow in other directions. I do not mean that in these two vast semi-attached Salons one could not pick out a gallery of paintings, landscapes, still-lives and even portraits of fair quality, pictures that it would be agreeable enough to find on the wall of a house. But the ambitions of late years have been short-winded, or hectic, or curiously misdirected. There has been no example of a talent ardently disputed and backed, slowly proving itself right. The charm of men like MM. Aman Jean and Carrière has been quickly recognised, quickly exhausted. The foremost ambitious painter of monumental pieces in the Old Salon at this moment is, I suppose, M. Henri Martin. His originality lies in the application of pointillisme to monumental painting. I cannot conceive anything more wrongheaded. If he really turned his group of figures into an effect of broken light and colour he must sacrifice his subject, his allegory. He is not prepared to do this, so the pointillisme is really a sham. The drawing is really academic, the colour might be got as readily in some other fashion, and the mottling is a sort of fashionable indulgence, the foppiness of a grave person who persists in using slang. No real impressionist ever pitted his picture with such thorough regularity. In the new Salon I confess to some disappointment with M. Anquetin's work. He early boxed the compass of all the modern extravagances, and then retired from the exhibitions to a serious study of his art. But excess seems to dog his real ability. Suppose Leonardo's *Battle of Anghiari* copied by Rubens (as in the Louvre sketch), re-edited from that by Delacroix and then treated as being too tame and unexpressive. In M. Anquetin's picture all the horses are biting and rearing in wild contortion, all the muscles are knotted

and starting, all the forms caricatured to reinforce their violence, and the colours, not to be outdone, play up in an ugly key. The pupil outmasters the masters.

The Arts and Crafts movement takes up more space each year at these exhibitions. There is a good deal of technical skill displayed, and sometimes a sensual beauty of colour, as in glass-work, stoneware with vitreous glazes, combinations of metal with wood-work, of metal with precious stones. But the power of design seems to be as rare as with us, and silly extravagance more common. Furnished rooms are shown in a taste like that of the Bachelor's Room in this month's "Studio," a room one cannot imagine a Mormon inhabiting without disaster to his nerves. The chairs and tables throw out weedy, improbable processes, and from the walls stare solemn vegetables in art colours. Perhaps the most ingenious and fussy piece of furniture was a bed the head of which included electric lights, a library, a buffet, a cabinet of curiosities, and other sections whose use was not clear. I conceive that the people who buy this kind of furniture never sleep, but demand all these means of relaxation within easy reach during the watches of the night. It is this kind of mind that is soothed by the contemplation of Mr. Byam-Shaw's pictures. The artificers of all these objects of decorative art are very much put out because the authorities of the great Exhibition of next year have in an old-fashioned way classed them with the industrial arts. They complain that they will be jumbled up with new kinds of drain-pipe and all manner of merely commercial art. "Art nouveau" might certainly find itself indistinguishable in many cases from ancient commerce.

When the desolation of these vast bazaars has weighed down my spirit, when I feel that I can be no longer fair to the tolerable things lost among wastes of canvas and marble, I am accustomed to creep out and sun myself where I can stare at some noble building, such as the Institute with its pavilions. Before such harmonies I reassure myself against the threat of a nigger-minstrelsy of art which seems to be involving all branches of design. But this year a certain doubt pursued me even there. I came from London where the loveliest of bridges, that of Kew, is going down before a tramway scheme, and where other things it is unnecessary to name are going on. And here in Paris the quays were being torn up for a Metropolitan Railway, monster terminuses with their hotels were displacing old buildings by the river, another in the nigger taste has been run up in the Champs Elysées, and the Exhibition in all directions is gashing and refashioning Paris. Are any of the comparatively tiny monuments of past art, I began to wonder, safe against the monster forces of the engineers when they bestir themselves to make a city convenient for an exhibition? For it is to these giants that the power, so wanting in the arts, has been diverted. One of them took me over the new bridge and the shells of the "palaces of art." The bridge is a marvel of construction, a thing like a boulevard for breadth crossing the river in one span of steel arches, delicately pivoted in the middle and at the banks so as to rise and fall with changes of temperature. Each block of it, each rivet hole, must have been calculated with separate nicety, for it crosses at a slant. The artists have been summoned to case it with art, and they will respond with that rhetorical instinct for grandiose effect that lingers in French blood, and that has traced out this last great avenue from the Invalides to the Elysées.

But unhappily the sum total of their labours will be to throw Paris out of scale. The river is already crossed by twenty bridges, and the new one invades this modest old world with a more colossal plan. Up this disheartening avenue we toiled and came to the Palaces. The shells only exist as yet, for the modern architect runs up a skin of orders and the engineer adds the construction inside. The vast space was like a coliseum, and my guide beamed as he pointed to the measureless halls the engineers were preparing for Art. I could not bear to disillusion him; it is touching that these giants continue to believe in an art that expands with industry and their own vast developments. In my mind I saw the Palaces but not the Kings. About these Palaces lingers a certain tradition, a little heavy and

overstrained, of architecture. The gate itself of the Exhibition will be a perfect example of the New or Nigger art.

I am forced to leave over for a week all notice of the interesting International Exhibition now open at Knightsbridge. But I will just draw attention to a collection of Mr. Charles Conder's exquisite fan paintings at Messrs. Carfax's gallery, 17 Ryder Street, as the exhibition may escape notice at this crowded season.

D. S. M.

[Last week's article, sent too late for revision, contained one or two misprints. Thus for "has had a respect for modern buildings, if they are Gothic, drubbed into him" read "the modern respect for ancient buildings." And at the end, for "there is exhibition of models" "there is no exhibition of models."—D. S. M.]

COVENT GARDEN'S AMENDE.

SMITTEN with a belated sense of sin, on Wednesday Covent Garden repented, and on Thursday it made some sort of atonement by one of the luckiest renderings of "Tristan and Isolde" I can remember, a rendering which was as fine as Monday's rendering of "Lohengrin" was ragged and shabby, one in which nearly all the things done badly on Monday were done well, and even with a certain degree of mastery of the stage-art. To me this was eminently satisfactory: first, because it pains me at any time to have to reveal my strictly private opinion that the management of Covent Garden does not know a great part of its business; secondly, because it shows that even Covent Garden is inspired to an extent by that most inspiring of operas, "Tristan." Of course the chorus had not the same opportunity to work mischief as in "Lohengrin;" but it is only fair to say that what opportunities it had, it missed creditably. It was a little lackadaisical at the end of the first act; and the signs of grief which should be shown (according to the stage directions) at the end of the opera were strikingly absent. Still, it never became an intolerable nuisance. The scrimmage in the last act was a trifle tame; but I am inclined to forgive that when I recall the performance of a few years ago when the Kurvenal (Mr. Bispham) nearly killed seventeen supers, and certainly did huge damage to the properties, with his own mighty right arm. The scenery was properly looked after. It is true that Tristan held the tiller at what was obviously the prow of the vessel; but that after all was but a stage convention, and compared with most stage conventions (for instance, the conventional hero, or heroine, or villain, or son of toil) it was as nothing or little. The scene of the second act, from the stalls, was exquisite. On Tuesday of this week I saw it from a box, and it did not seem nearly so beautiful; but that is a condemnation of the building, and a plea for a Wagner theatre built according to common-sense instead of according to theatrical traditions, rather than an indication of incompetence on the part of the gentleman who designed the scene. He had done his work exceedingly well. It is an absolute impossibility to set a scene as I am led to believe a statue should be designed—so that it looks well from every quarter. The lighting of the second act was not only reasonable but charming. For years I have protested in these columns against the epileptic, galvanic dawns which were formerly a feature of Covent Garden, and also against its sudden sunrise effects in the middle of the night. At last it would seem that these phenomena are to disappear for ever, and I dare say the Covent Garden dawn and sunrise may become the talk of Europe. We shall all feel happy when Covent Garden ceases to be notorious and becomes famous—if it is only for its electric light installation. At the first performance the orchestra under Mottl was magnificent; this week under Dr. Muck it lacked the Mottl magnificence, but was at any rate above suspicion. Mottl was at his very finest; he secured a quite miraculous continuity; while he made the most of every chance offered by the score, yet effect was bound to effect, passage led smoothly and inevitably into passage, in the way that only a heaven-sent conductor ever accomplishes. At the beginning Dr. Muck's playing was

disjointed—possibly owing to insufficient rehearsal, and the difficulty of coercing the insufficiently rehearsed band into adopting his reading and making his points, and of course forgetting Mottl's points and reading; but during the second act the wheels began to run more easily; and in the third act the wonderful combination of the cor anglais theme with the orchestral accompaniment was wonderfully given. So far as I have been able to judge, Dr. Muck is a sound conductor of the German sort; he does not often get Mottl's glorious sweep and gorgeous colour and passion; but on the other hand I imagine he will never fall so low as Mottl can fall (for instance, as he fell in the opening performance of "Lohengrin"). Perhaps he is a little inclined to finick; but that cannot be objected to: the Covent Garden band is sadly in need of a conductor who will finick. After a long course of Mancinelli, Bevnigani, Randegger and the rest, one cannot wonder that it has fallen into slovenly habits, and that the men imagine detail to exist for the express purpose of being slurred over or bungled. If Dr. Muck will spend a few rehearsals in making the back desks of the fiddles play up to time without missing any of their semiquavers, and can persuade a certain section of the woodwind not to treat the tutti passages as solos for themselves with an accompaniment of the rest of the orchestra, but to keep their place in the ensemble, he will then have achieved a work for which many of us will feel grateful now and for which conductors in the far future will bless his memory. For at least ten years now Covent Garden has had a band quite unable to play the simplest overtures—the "Don Giovanni," or even "Figaro"—without constant assistance from the conductor. Richter's band, or Wood's, would take the parts of the "Don Giovanni" overture, and, taking their tempo from the first violin, get through without a slip. But when Mr. Randegger conducts at Covent Garden—that is to say, when there is no conductor—overture and everything else go helplessly to pieces. Which reminds me to utter a pious hope that, after last year's miserable fiasco, we shall have "Don Giovanni" this season with a proper cast, with Mr. Dolmetsch at the harpsichord, and a competent conductor.

Both last week and this week Jean de Reszke played Tristan in his very finest manner, and sang superbly. Last week I spoke of his voice as probably the most magnificent tenor voice there has been; and the phrase did not accurately define my meaning. I did not mean the mere quality of the voice: there are other tenors who have some tones as rich and beautiful as Jean's best; there are tenors who have better upper notes, and some who have better lower ones. I did mean that it is hard to imagine a voice—one would not believe the thing possible if Jean did not come to Covent Garden to demonstrate it—which is fine in quality throughout, upper notes and lower notes being good, which is able to chant every sort of music from Donizetti at his most facile to Wagner at his most impossible, and which has such an enormous variety and range of tints. He spoils us for every other tenor. I tremble to think of listening to "Tristan" at Munich this year, "Tristan" with a German tenor! Some of my friends will have it that Jean, though a great artist, is not a genuine tenor; and I am beginning to wonder what on earth a genuine tenor is. People tell me that Edward Lloyd is merely a light English tenor; that Tamagno is not a tenor but a fog-horn; that Jean is not a tenor but a high baritone. One might as reasonably say that a 'cello is not a 'cello but an overgrown fiddle. It seems to me sufficient if a man sings tenor music in a voice that is certainly not bass or baritone, and certainly not either alto, contralto or soprano. Of course it may be conceded that Jean's voice has a flavour of baritone which is absent from Edward Lloyd's; but what of that? It is undeniably quite distinct from a baritone: in fact I decline to believe that anyone would have thought of identifying the two kinds of voices, had not Jean once been a baritone. To me it is the most wonderful voice now singing: more wonderful than even Melba's; and chiefly wonderful because of the beauty of its perpetually shifting tone-colours. That beauty enthralled you in the love-scene of the second act: anyone hearing that act alone would declare that no more could be done with

the human voice. But that is as nothing compared with the staggering virtuosity (of a sort) of his performance in the last act. He commences with a cold, empty tone, a tone that sends a shudder through one; gradually the voice becomes warmer, richer, fuller, till it vibrates with the delirium of passion; then, when he begins to despair again, the timbre suddenly changes back to the chilly tint of the beginning and one feels as if a sudden puff of rainy wind had blown through the theatre; then once more we get the delirium and his voice glows; and the dying cry, "Isolda"—that cry which we have all heard sentimentalised, barked, coughed, gasped or hiccoughed—is delivered with a perfection of colour and intensity far beyond any description in words. All this art of colouring the voice lies on top, so to speak, of the ordinary vocal art. There are plenty of singers—or, at least, a few: one must be cautious in speaking of tenors—who can play their instrument as well as Jean in certain passages; but Jean can sing every passage as well as they sing their best; and then, over and above that, the instrument is capable of this ever-shifting colour, and Jean knows how to use it.

Van Rooy's Kurvenal, as I said last week, was good; but of course it was totally eclipsed by Bispham's. Nature obviously intended Bispham for the perfect Kurvenal: his splendid qualities and his defects alike help him; if he were not an English-speaking man, the whole world would have seen long ago that though Kurvenal had often been attempted before, Bispham really "created" the part, was the first to play it. Its tenderness, and the consummate art of his singing and acting in it, are beyond all praise.

Of the rest of the artists there is little to say. Madame Litvinne is one of an order of Isoldas which I had hoped was extinct. She sings her part daintily, but without much passion, and nature has denied her the means of looking like Isolda. The shepherd sang his little part well enough, but perhaps acted as one who took a trifle too much upon himself. Marke was not adequately sung by Mr. Pringle, who does not seem to realise the supreme importance of his part and the absolute necessity of singing it perfectly and with the finest expression. Schumann-Heink's Brangaena is, I am inclined to think, her best rôle. There is, however, a good deal to be said about her "business," and Isolda's also, in the first act; but I have already outrun my space and must leave it for another day. I must also leave a good performance of "Tannhäuser" on Monday, a performance in which Van Dyck's intelligence and art redeemed his poor voice; and the Paderewski recital, too, must wait until next week. J. F. R.

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF."

FOR anyone who holds sympathy to be the very essence of good criticism it is distressing to find himself in antipathy to the kind of work he has to criticise most frequently. It distresses him to be always murmuring "Give me something else! This is all very well in its way, and there are, I know, many people who like it. But I do not like it. Please do give me something else!" How much more, then, is he distressed if the "something else," when it is given, does not arouse in him any keen sense of gratitude or pleasure! I am always, more or less loudly, murmuring against the monotony of the modern commercial drama, and I am always (though I discriminate between commercial plays, seeing that some are good, and others bad, of their kind) crying out for some departure from the conventions of the modern commercial drama. Last Monday, at the St. George's Hall, I had the opportunity of seeing such a departure. A classic play, adapted from the Spanish by one who was both a scholar and a poet—this was what I saw performed. And, to my intense chagrin, it did not give me any pleasure; nay, it even irritated me. I found myself wishing it were "something else"—even a dull and vulgar musical farce. I felt as little in sympathy with the rapt scholars around me as I feel with the glossy representatives of this and that "syndicate" who cluster so knowingly to the first-nights of musical farces. I had

arrived in a glow of sympathy, and I was distressed to find myself growing colder and colder as the evening wore on. My heart stole wistfully back to Dublin. There, at least, I had seen a departure which duly kindled me. "The Countess Cathleen"! That, at least, had delighted me. It had seemed to me a live and moving play. This play—"Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of"—seemed to me quite dead. Quite dead, I mean, as performed in the St. George's Hall by the Elizabethan Stage Society. In the original, no doubt, it was a fine play. As adapted by FitzGerald, (whom Mr. Poel, in his prolegomena, spells with an atheistically small g), it had seemed to me, when I read it, a fine play. I am convinced that I could enjoy a passable production of it. And thus I am driven reluctantly to conclude that Mr. Poel's production of it, like his spelling of its author's name, was not passable.

I know that Mr. Poel's aim in founding the Elizabethan Stage Society was archaeological rather than æsthetic. His aim was not so much to produce plays delightfully as to show how they were originally produced. Well! "La Vida es Sueño" was produced in the middle of the seventeenth century, presumably without curtain or footlights, and with only one plain scene. If Mr. Poel had translated the play literally, or commissioned someone else to do so, an archaeological production of it might (to archaeologists) have seemed quite justifiable. But Mr. Poel took FitzGerald's version, heedless of the fact that FitzGerald, caring nothing for archaeology, had cut out the under-plot and made a free, modern version of the rest. I submit that to produce this version with every inconvenient circumstance of archaeology was a mere waste of time. If the version was to be produced at all, it should have been produced in a manner appropriate to it. It should have been produced in such a way as to make it æsthetically real to a modern audience. Or (since Mr. Poel is an archaeologist) it should have been produced in the manner of that medio-Victorian period in which FitzGerald lived. Not Mr. Poel himself would deny that the absence of a curtain and footlights, with inappropriate scenery, militates (in modern times, at least) against æsthetic illusion. Mr. Poel would admit that "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of" is a play which, more than most plays, requires (æsthetically) to be mounted with appropriate scenery. In the first act, the young Prince Segismund is in prison. For superstitious reasons, his father has kept him always chained in this prison, kept him ignorant of the world outside its walls. The youth is drugged and carried away to his father's palace. In the second act, we see him in the palace, dressed as becomes a King's son, in the midst of bowing courtiers. At first he fancies that he must be dreaming. Then, gradually, the reality and the reason of his new estate are explained to him. He turns on the King, cursing him bitterly for his long-drawn cruelty. The soldiers seize him. Again he is drugged, and is cast back into prison, there to imagine that the palace, and all that befell him in it, was after all a dream. I need scarcely point out that for this play two backgrounds would be better than one. I do not stickle for elaborate scenery; indeed, I much prefer simple and modest scenery. But there ought to be some definite suggestion that the palace to which the Prince is transported is not the dungeon in which he has spent his life, and no amount of good acting would help me to ignore Mr. Poel's definite suggestion that the palace *is* the dungeon. If Mr. Poel excuses himself on the ground that he is only an archaeologist, I can but repeat that, being so, he should have left this play alone. But stay! That is not the only answer I can make. If Mr. Poel was but archaeologising what ought not to be archaeologised, why did he assign the part of the Prince to Miss Margaret Halstan? That the principal male part should be acted by a young lady—is that sound archaeology? I confess that Mr. Poel bewilders me. Perhaps I had better leave archaeology out of the question, and say merely that the play, as a play, was spoilt by the selection of Miss Halstan even more than by the dungeon-palace and the amateurishness of the other performers. Miss Halstan acted very gracefully, with intelligence and with sense of poetry. But

the fact remained that she was a young lady masquerading in the part of a manly young man, and thereby the play was shorn of all dignity and effectually reduced to the level of comic opera. And comic opera, on a dim stage, without a curtain, without music, without dancing, in the St George's Hall, may be a powerful opiate, but is not (to put it mildly) such stuff as very bright or pleasant dreams are made of.

I had intended to write in detail, this week, about "The Heather Field." But, since the play is to be acted in London, I postpone my remarks. MAX.

FINANCE.

WITHOUT being exactly dull the Stock Markets during the week have manifestly been under the influence of the approaching holidays, and although there has been a healthy undertone there has not been much business. The healthy condition of the market is conspicuously shown by the slight effect which the alarmist news from the Transvaal had upon the South African Market, the latest "conspiracy" oddly enough having been construed into a "bull" point, rather than as an excuse for a renewed "bear" attack. Home Rails have been a quiet market, there being at present few influences at work to cause changes one way or the other, but after the conclusion of the present account speculation will begin as to the dividend prospects for the first half of the year, and greater activity may be expected in this department. American Rails were at first adversely affected by the news of ex-Governor Flower's death, on the supposition that the stocks in which he was interested would come on the market; but the steps which were at once taken by the "bull" leaders in New York to support prices prevented any great fall, and what losses were sustained have since been more than recovered. The lower level of values now established, as we pointed out would probably be the case, has induced a renewal of interest in American securities on this side of the Atlantic and business has consequently been active. There has also been rather more interest displayed in home industrial shares, and the Westralian Market, after a momentary relapse, has firmed up again. Should present conditions be maintained it seems probable, therefore, that after the holidays there will be a further revival in most departments, in spite of the nineteen-day account, and South Africans especially seem to be preparing for an important advance.

There are few features of interest to note either in the movements of the Money Market during the week or in Thursday's Bank Return. There are indications that the speculative position is in general very small at the present time and there were certainly no difficulties encountered with regard to the supply of money for the Stock Exchange Settlement last week. Loans over the night on Friday last were easily obtainable at from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent., and only a very trifling amount was borrowed from the Bank of England. This was no doubt in part due to the easier condition of the Money Market, but another influence was in all probability that speculation is at present of very moderate dimensions. This is the condition of affairs in the Money Market which we have all along anticipated. Any great increase in the speculative position would at the present time undoubtedly cause a hardening of rates, since, although money is abundant enough for ordinary purposes, there is no very large margin of unemployed funds, whilst on the other hand the knowledge that facilities for speculation will in all probability not be forthcoming prevents operators from launching out into undertakings of any magnitude. The present condition of affairs augurs well for the successful weathering of the awkward corner which is expected in the autumn, since it will make it possible to prepare well ahead for the demands upon the Money Market which are then expected from German and American quarters. The Bank Return on Thursday showed a slight weakening of the position, the Scotch

demand taking a large amount of cash, so that in spite of an influx on balance of £119,000 in gold from abroad, the bullion in the Bank shows a decrease of £195,700. The return of notes, however, caused the reserve to be diminished by only £154,270, the decrease in the proportion of reserve to liabilities being $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to $39\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. No change was made in the Bank rate which therefore remains at 3 per cent. At the same period last year the Bank rate was 4 per cent., and since the reserve is now some £6,000,000 lower than on the corresponding date a year ago it is evident that the directors do not foresee any danger ahead in the near future, and do not consider it necessary to make any change in the rate. Outside discount rates showed a firmer tendency, partly on account of the slight weakening of the Bank's position and partly because there are certain loans ahead. Very shortly a large Russian loan will be put upon the London market, a significant sequel to the recent Anglo-Russian agreement, and the Japanese loan may now be expected almost any day, the amount being somewhere about £10,000,000. The demand for money for trade purposes continues to be extremely brisk, and it is more and more evident, therefore, that very cheap money is not to be expected at any time during the present year.

If the news of the arrest of seven British subjects at Johannesburg on the charge of inciting to rebellion had arrived a fortnight ago there is little doubt that it would have caused something like a stampede in the South African Market. But the last account appears to have very successfully completed the weeding out of the weak speculative element, and the consequence was that on Thursday morning there was very little selling, and no one seemed to be at all impressed by the array of "Colonels" and "Captains" of the British Army which appeared in the earlier telegrams. By the end of the day not only were Transvaal gold mining shares not one penny the worse but they displayed a distinctly better tendency, and there has since been a significant and marked improvement. The "plot" has in fact been construed as rather a favourable sign than otherwise, for it is believed that its "discovery" at the present critical moment, although it has been known to the Transvaal Government for the past four months, is merely a last despairing device to escape from the necessity of granting reforms. If this was the case it has lamentably failed in its effect, for the status of the men arrested and the circumstances surrounding the inception and revelation of the plot will strengthen the hands of Sir Alfred Milner at the meeting with Mr. Kruger at Bloemfontein which has now been definitely arranged instead of weakening them, whilst if the object has been to revive the sympathy of France and Germany it has not been less futile. Whoever the men arrested may be, it is certain that they have absolutely no connexion with any of the responsible leaders of the Uitlander movement, and that if there has been a genuine plot it has been a hole and corner business in which only Johannesburg ragamuffins and bar loafers have been concerned. This, at least, is the market view of the matter, and it is fully believed that thus driven to the last corner the Transvaal Government will now be compelled to surrender. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that there will be any immediate result. Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Kruger will not meet until the end of the month, and the negotiations are not likely to have tangible results for some time. Our advice is, therefore, as before, that those who are able to stick to their holdings and to disregard market fluctuations will certainly do well in the South African Market, especially if they purchase the shares of those deep-level properties which have not yet reached the crushing stage. Also, of course, if concessions of importance are made to the mining industry which will result in a saving of two or three shillings per ton in working costs, the shares of the outcrop and deep-level mines already at work must considerably improve in value. On the whole the present outlook is distinctly favourable, and the market itself is very sanguine.

We drew attention some time ago to the prospects of the New Goch mine, which since the last reconstruc-

tion appears to have come safely through the misfortunes which have dogged its previous history. The lower levels of the mine are proving to be of the value to be expected from the proximity of the property to the Henry Nourse and the Wolhuter mines, and the news that the New Goch Company has succeeded in acquiring 60 claims on the immediate dip of its existing property is therefore of very considerable importance. The mine will now possess 121 intact claims and since in the lower levels the reef is reported to be 4 feet wide and to assay 18 dwts. to the ton the shares should advance greatly in value. Allowing for a profit of only 15s. per ton, when the full mill of 120 stamps is at work, the shares will on the basis of the present claim-holding be worth £4. giving a 7 per cent. yield to the investor and the return of his capital when the mine is exhausted, and since the new claims will practically double the life of the mine the value of the shares will be correspondingly increased.

In spite of the high rates which were charged for carrying over Westralian gold-mining shares at the last settlement, the groups which have been engaged in the recent pushing of the market have succeeded after a temporary set-back in maintaining a certain amount of activity. In one or two cases, such as Golden Horseshoes, in which prices have been raised to a perilous height, there will probably soon be a pronounced reaction, and Chaffers, for instance, after being pushed up to 40s. have already fallen back to something near their former level. It appears that a large number of these shares were disposed of in Paris, the confiding purchasers being under the impression that they were £1 shares. When it was discovered that they are only of the nominal value of 4s., the French buyers hastened to dispose of their purchases, and the glorious summer of prosperity for the company which seemed to have set in speedily gave place to a tremendous frost. We have already expressed our opinion with regard to the dangers run by investors who dabble in the Westralian Market. Their attention would be better directed towards undertakings in some of the more accessible and proved mining districts of Australia. A share, for instance, which has recently been attracting some attention is the Roger's Golden Gate, a mine situated in the Croydon field of North Queensland. The company owns an area of fifty acres on this field and has a capital of only £100,000, of which £40,000 is working capital. A large amount of development work has been done upon the property and the reef is said to have been proved for a distance of 1,200 feet, over which it varies from four to fourteen feet in thickness. According to official returns 21,500 tons of ore have already been raised from the mine and crushed, giving 30,600 ozs. of gold, a yield of more than 28 dwts. to the ton. At the other end of the property the Queensland Government is sinking a shaft to a depth of 400 feet in order to prove the continuation of the lode. On these figures the company should be able to pay large dividends upon its small capital, and the shares at their present price of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ seem therefore very cheap.

In view of the position of copper—the smallness of supplies, the high level of prices, and the manipulations of speculators—the statistics continue to be of particular interest. At the middle of the month, according to Merton's figures, the visible supply was 27,157 tons, compared with 26,529 tons on 30 April, and 26,640 tons a month ago. The improvement is to the extent of 630 tons and would have been much more considerable but for the obvious holding back of supplies by the United States, which sent us only 2,052 tons in the fortnight, compared with 9,204 tons for all April and 11,463 tons for all March. There has been a production in America since the beginning of this year from 10 to 20 per cent. greater than in 1898, and while American consumption has no doubt been considerable it is impossible to believe that all and more than all the increase has been absorbed by the American home trade. Takings in the fortnight reached 7,582 tons against 18,073 for the whole of April, but notwithstanding the poor American exports the supplies were greater, reaching 8,210 tons. Chili has doubled its average and

there is also a marked improvement in the receipts from miscellaneous sources, the total for the two weeks being 2,664 tons, whereas during all April it was no more than 1,165 tons. These figures indicate that the effects of the high range of values are making themselves felt in enhanced supplies, and the copper combine being already partially discredited as a factor in the heightening of values, and the market being controlled in large measure from London, prices may soon be upon the down grade again. Meantime, a rise of £1 10s. is to be noted in the fortnight, quotations for standard copper on the 15th inst. being £78 10s.—a monstrous figure considering the improved position.

The mining industry of British Columbia has been to some extent overshadowed by the sensational recent developments in the Yukon district of the North-West Territories. Those in the know, however, have long been aware that British Columbia is probably destined to be one of the largest mineral producers of the world, and the annual Report of the British Columbian Minister of Mines for 1898, just to hand, shows that the mining industry is already making giant strides towards the attainment of this position. The most important event of the past year in British Columbia was undoubtedly the opening of the Crow's Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which, by bringing the coal of the Crow's Nest district within easy distance of the Kootenay mining district, will exercise a most important influence on this year's production of the various minerals. Hitherto coal for the mining districts of British Columbia has been brought from Vancouver, and the cost has therefore necessarily been prohibitive except in the case of the richest propositions. The report gives figures which show the enormous difference the Crow's Nest Pass Railway will make in the cost of mining and smelting. Coal from Vancouver costs at Nelson \$10 per ton, \$5.25 of which is due to the freight charges. Now excellent coal from Crow's Nest can be bought at Nelson for \$5.75 per ton, the freight being only \$2.25, whilst coke at the same place for smelting purposes can be bought for \$7.00 per ton. The only coal deposit at present being worked at Crow's Nest is in the Elk River Basin, where there are twelve seams of very good bituminous coal which can be made into coke eminently suitable for smelting purposes. It is estimated that the Elk River Basin alone contains an available tonnage of more than 16,000,000,000 tons, whilst in the same district at Michel's Creek there are fifteen seams of valuable cannel coal. With the deposits in Vancouver and the Crow's Nest deposits British Columbia will therefore be amply supplied with coal for all purposes for very many years to come.

The figures of the output of minerals for 1898 show a very satisfactory increase in all departments except that of the silver-lead ores. These, owing to the low price of silver, have not been mined to the same extent as previously during the past year, the production of silver having fallen by one-half. Two million lbs. more of copper, however, were produced in 1898 than in 1897, and it is probable, in view of the high price of copper, that this enormous increase will be more than surpassed during the present year, a probability which the American copper combination will have to take into serious consideration. The production of gold in 1898 increased more than fifty per cent., and there is moreover a significant improvement in the production of gold from lodes, whereas that produced by placer-mining shows only a small increase. In 1896 only 62,000 ozs. of gold were produced by the lode mines, but in 1897 106,000 ozs. were produced and in 1898 110,000 ozs. The mining industry has, however, been more or less "marking time" whilst awaiting the completion of the Crow's Nest Railway. Had it not been for this the production from the lode mines would no doubt have shown a much larger increase. The time has, however, not been wasted, for it has been largely devoted to the further opening up and development of the mines, so that during the present year, with cheap fuel and improved railway facilities, the production both of gold and copper may be expected to increase to a very large extent. We do not know any country which

at the present time offers to the speculative investor such excellent prospects of making large profits as British Columbia, provided always of course that care is taken to invest only in such undertakings as are conducted by responsible and reputable people.

The Equitable of the United States is faring badly in the Law Courts. We recently referred to a judgment reported from New York, and now we have a decision in the English Courts, touching a somewhat similar point. In both cases the large surplus that the society has accumulated, as a result of working its business on the Tontine or deferred bonus plan, is in question. The Commissioners of Income-tax for the City of London claimed that this surplus constitutes profits to the proprietors of the company, and is therefore liable to income-tax. The Court decided in favour of the Crown, and Mr. Justice Darling in giving judgment said that the company was a body independent and distinct from the policy-holders, and that it could not be successfully contended that there was only a mutual undertaking of assurance. The surplus amounted to profits and the fact that they were paid away in part to attract business did not prevent their being profits. Mr. Justice Channell concurred, pointing out that the New York Life Insurance Company v. Styles, on which the company relied, did not here apply as the Equitable was a proprietary and the New York Life a purely Mutual company. Not many years ago a policy-holder of the Equitable of the United States sought to restrain the company from making investments that he considered bad, but was ruled out of court on the ground that the society was a proprietary company, that the funds were the property of the shareholders, and that the policy-holders could claim no control over them. The charter of the society provides that the board of directors may arrange for each life policy-holder who is insured for not less than \$5,000 to be entitled to one vote for the election of directors, but even this power has not been exercised and the control of the whole business, representing funds of over £53,000,000 and assurances in force to the extent of nearly £200,000,000, is vested in a board of directors elected solely by a very small body of shareholders, whose total capital is only £20,000. This is a state of things which affords no adequate guarantee that the interests of the policy-holders will always be properly looked after, and the society would surely do well to exercise the power contained in the charter, and give their policy-holders, at least, the small measure of control implied in being able to vote for directors. The three big American companies are so frequently classed together that it is appropriate to point out that the Mutual of New York and the New York Life are strictly Mutual offices, and therefore stand in a different position.

CORRESPONDENCE.

S. PAUL'S.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W., 17 May, 1899.

SIR,—Your vigorous critic D. S. M. speaks of S. Paul's in his last criticism of Sir William Richmond as a "great preaching house." Opinions may differ as to the merits of Sir William's mosaics and Sir Christopher's architecture, but no one, I think, who has heard the eloquent preachers occupying the pulpit there from time to time can accept such a periphrasis. The acoustic properties of the building are notoriously bad and are not atoned for by a sounding board, or the clever trick in the Whispering Gallery. Doubtless D. S. M. visits the Cathedral for other purposes than listening; but I cannot help thinking that in the present controversy everyone loses sight of the fact that S. Paul's was not built to gratify the æsthetic taste of architects and critics but as a church for Anglican worship. I believe that Sir William Richmond is sufficiently old-fashioned to consider the feelings and beliefs of those who use the church for purposes of worship, rather than the nerves of those who "drop in" to admire incomplete and undecorated surfaces. S. Paul's is not

yet a national monument. When it becomes one I fancy it could easily be restored with very little cost and some yellow paint to the railway-station appearance so much admired by Lord Wemyss and his young friends at the Slade school. Large subscriptions to the Liberation Society would hasten a consummation so devoutly to be—avoided.—Your obedient servant,

ROBERT ROSS.

[If Mr. Ross knew more either of Anglican worship or of "æsthetic taste," he would regard them not as incompatible but as naturally associated. With a similar breadth of view, Mr. Ross clearly imagines he is the only true "worshipper" at S. Paul's.—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Frank Murray referring to Sir W. Richmond's decorative work and the interest that may one day be attached to it, says "one of the principal charms of old work is that the artistic features of the period found therein their expression and became the abstract and brief chronicle of the time." This is true no doubt in one sense, but it is far from being the whole truth, nor is it a sufficient apology for much of the art that exists. I suppose for instance that the Temple Bar Memorial will hardly in future years be more interesting (that is artistically) than when on its first appearance it raised a storm of indignation. Again Michael Angelo's frescoes gain no superadded charm whatever when historically considered in connexion with the period of art to which they belong.

But Mr. Murray goes on to say that the Richmond decorations of S. Paul's will form "a useful text-book to future students of decoration." To produce a text-book with illustrations is one thing, to produce great art is another. Sir W. Richmond in his letter to the "Times" shows he could write a text-book on decorative art if he chose, but the question is whether S. Paul's Cathedral is a fitting place for his illustrations.

ARTHUR G. ATKINSON.

THE ALIEN INROAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

81 Guilford Street, Russell Square, W.C., 9 May, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—It would seem that the children of Israel are not only flocking to this country in great number themselves, but are anxious that the people of other alien breeds should find a home here. The anarchistic-looking Italians engaged in laying the asphalt in our streets are imported by a Jew. The profitable business of exporting Italian organ-grinders and ice-cream vendors to this country is largely in Jewish hands. The importation of a certain class of French and German women is practically a Jew monopoly. The attempt of a few years ago to introduce American negro barbers and waiters into London was made by a Jew. The latest Jewish effort in the alien-importing direction is the bringing to this country of fifty Zulus, who, like the other aliens that come here, will remain and breed.

This Jewish anxiety to increase the already large foreign element in our population seems to be due to an idea that if our population is rendered more cosmopolitan than it now is, the present feeling of race pride which still prevails among the British, and which is so offensive to the compatriots of Isaac Gordon and Victor Honour, may become less pronounced. If, however, the Jews will consider the amount of race feeling which exists among the British population of India and South Africa and among the Anglo-Celtic inhabitants of the Southern States of America, they will realise that this race pride is never so strong as when the Anglo-Celt comes into contact with other races. Instead of becoming a cosmopolitan, intercourse and acquaintance with the foreigner intensify his race pride.

In view of this, it is safe to say that if as a result of Jewish efforts, the alien element in this country's population continues to increase, the present British tolerance for foreigners is likely to be replaced by hatred and contempt.—Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

REVIEWS.

THE SOUL OF THE ANGLER.

"Fly Fishing." By Sir Edward Grey. Haddon Hall Library. Edited by the Marquess of Granby and George A. B. Dewar. London: at the Aldine House: Dent. 1899.

THERE are times when even the honest man comes by his own—even though he be a reviewer. Very rarely; for the vast majority of books are not worth reading; so that he who goes through them conscientiously gets but weariness for his pains. The smart man, on the contrary, who writes his review before the book is published, gains the glory of up-to-dateness, and loses nothing but acquaintance with the book, which leaves him in the happy position of being able to praise it, a position his temper unspoiled by unrewarded drudgery is able to improve to the utmost. So that everyone—author, critic, publisher alike—is pleased, everyone, that is, excepting ultimately the unhappy reader. But once in a way a book comes out that is better than it seems—when the dull reviewer who reads his books turns the tables on his cleverer brethren. Naturally, a book on fly fishing must be all a matter of gut, hooks, reels, and tying flies. So there was nothing to be done but to compare Sir Edward Grey with Halford, after, of course, the classical contrast with "old Isaac Walton," or, by preference, "the complete angler." Obviously, if a sight of the outside could be got in time, there could be no difficulty in bringing out the review on the day of publication. Unhappily, neither the title of the book, nor the headings of the chapters, still less the peacocks on the cover, disclose Sir Edward Grey's secret. Only the reader can learn it, and not till he has read to the very last word. But when he has read to the end, he will be very certain that he will open the book again, feeling there is still something behind what he has found, that there is more yet to know, may be infinitely more. Undoubtedly in technique hints may be gleaned; so accomplished a flyfisher could not fail to have something worth saying on his art in the strict sense; but that which is said would not in itself justify the book's production. By this time, any new work of pure instruction in angling has become bookmaking; and Sir Edward Grey has perpetrated no crime of that kind. Nor is the charm of the book in its style; indeed, it is in spite of its style. In the writing there is no cleverness; the style has not nearly the attractiveness of Mr. Dewar's "Book of the Dry Fly;" a more apt comparison than that with Halford. But what Sir Edward has done is to show the reader an angler's soul. Inasmuch as an angler is human, and so presumably has a soul, this may seem to be saying that the book is but a study in psychology. That is not so. In describing his own angling life, Sir Edward has unconsciously laid bare the soul of the angler as angler, we might almost say, the soul of angling. So much so that it would not be very difficult to construct from Sir Edward's phenomena almost complete theories as to why any particular person should be or will be an angler or vice versa. But heaven forbid that we should dispel the fresh charm of the book by straining it through philosophy's sieve, which seems able to let everything through but long words. Throughout the book you see a soul in contact (pardon the unphilosophical expression) with nature. You see it plainly, because there is no attempt to diagnose nature; there is no attempt to diagnose man; they are there together, inevitably, spontaneously. Sir Edward leaves the reader to argue and imagine for himself.

When a man, who has made his mark in the sphere of human interests, thereby betraying their attraction for him, is also fond of nature or, to put it in another way, when the man great in city life loves the country, the fact is often chronicled as a startling phenomenon. It is not strange at all. Run up far enough, the impulse in both cases is the same. The really great statesman could not help loving nature; the true lover of nature must feel the spell of city life. Wordsworth is but an apparent exception. He did not know city life; but the West-

minster Bridge sonnet is enough to show that had he known it, he would have felt its fascination. It is not quite easy to forgive Sir Edward Grey for insisting on aversion from London as the key to, and so belittling, delight in country in the glory of the dry fly season. For this there is no excuse in a man who elsewhere points out that when you are jaded with the work of city life you must not go to nature for relief. To know that Sir Edward Grey has found out this painful truth will be a satisfaction, perhaps a little malicious, to some of us whose soul has felt the irony of the first day of a country holiday. To have been saying for weeks that on a certain day you will be in the fields, to have got there, and find yourself still saying it, is almost tragic. There is but one sadder thing, and that is to be looking forward for years to the return of one you love, and when that one has come, to find yourself still looking forward to his or her return. And yet there is nothing seriously to mind in the disappointment of escape into the country. It is perfectly natural. The crannies of mind and body are still full of the tide of town life: that must subside before nature can come "silent, flooding in."

In spite of what he says of himself, we fancy that it is the fishing in the southern chalk streams in early summer that Sir Edward loves best. The loving tone of his Hampshire descriptions is more convincing than his downright assertions as to the attraction of fishing for sea-trout. Even his outburst as to its energising properties (such joy in life for itself is about the same thing as the invigoration of a cold bath) has not the spontaneity of the earlier chapters. As to the pleasures of salmon fishing, for Sir Edward they seem to consist mainly in the attraction of bigness. "The attraction of it is found in the largeness of the fish, the size of the rivers, the strength of the streams, and the tremendous uncertainty." Why did he not add "the bigness of the flies and of the rod"? In this sentence there is much psychology. Touching salmon fishing, we wish Sir Edward had developed the thought when he "believes the Jock Scott to be the best blend of colour that has ever been invented for a salmon fly." He cannot mean merely that he has happened to be most successful with the Jock Scott, and if he means anything more, he must have some theory of affinity between certain colours and the salmon—an inquiry full of suggestion. Also, why did he not elaborate the observation which led him to the conclusion that trout lay hold of the weeds with their mouth and so resist the angler? His evidence is quite inconclusive.

The angler is a solitary. Hence his close knowledge of the country. The man who never wants to be alone can never be an angler; nor can he love nature. So that it is not an accident that the angler is a true lover of the country. In most anglers, if we could see into their souls, as Sir Edward Grey has allowed us to see his, we should find something of the poet. Sir Edward's memories of childhood and boyhood's feelings are perhaps the most delightful thing in the book, certainly they make its beauty, for to those who have ears to hear it is all poetry. "One little favourite pool after another produced nothing, and a fear of something unknown came over me; the gloom and stillness of the wood made me uneasy, everything about me seemed to know something, to have a meaning which was hidden from me; and I felt as if my fishing was out of place. At last I could resist the feeling of apprehension no longer; I left the rod with the line in a pool to fish for itself, and went up to the edge of the wood to see what was happening in the open world without." How long before the little boy of seven would have seen goblin faces in the trees and the boughs stretched out to claw him? Nature is a jealous companion; she will speak to one but not to two. She may consent to be of the party. She will not wholly withdraw, if two talk of her one to another, but she will be silent. None know anything of the country, who have not spent whole long summer days absolutely alone with nature. One will see things, will hear things, invisible inaudible to two. These days alone with the country, and nowhere better than by river banks, unless on the sea cliffs, are the true education for early days. That is a hapless child who has never known them. They go to the making of men.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

"The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant." Arranged and edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. London: Blackwood. 1899.

NO more curious record of the purely professional cultivation of letters has ever been given to the world than this intelligent and melancholy Autobiography. We hear nowadays more than enough about "literature as a means of livelihood," about "property in books," about the splendid privilege of being a popular author. The leaders of all this talk represent to us that the writing of volumes is just a profession like another, like the law or the Civil Service or dentistry, which almost anybody can take up and make a decent income out of, without any nonsense about merit, or enthusiasm, or the special taking of pains. This is Sir Walter Besant's ideal, the Eight Hours' Author, who dashes down the pen, in the midst of a sentence, when the clock strikes six. Well, in Mrs. Oliphant we have at last the Trades-union author of Sir Walter's dream revealed to us, and we must make of her what we can. Here is a very gifted and favourable example of the author who wrote for nothing in the world but the money the work brought her, who had no joy in her writing, who never paused to make it better, who had no thought whatsoever but to earn in the open market of labour her one day's wage.

It is not to the point to reply to this that Mrs. Oliphant had reasons which were exceptional, and which did her great honour, for driving her quill in this unflinching, unfeeling manner. She was a human being of high courage, who finding herself left in conditions of distressing poverty, with the utmost promptitude adopted, and with the utmost persistency continued to cultivate, the only mode of earning a living which occurred to her. The point is that nowhere, in this close record of a life, is there any sign of its having ever been a pleasure to her to write what she so promptly published and forgot. Forgot! for Mrs. Oliphant is the real literary old woman who lived in a shoe, and wrote so many books that she did not know what to do. In the course of her reminiscences, without a shadow of affectation, she is obliged to leave the date of a novel, or even its name and subject, quite vague. She "believes" she published such a story; she "fancies, but may be wrong," that she produced such another book. Her want of vanity, her absence of mere decent interest in her own publications, is quite affecting. She turned them out of the shoe, and never called them back again. How could she? There would not have been room. There were nearly two hundred and fifty of them. No wonder their mother forgot the faces of so many of these poor wandering children of her pen.

From the purely economical and utilitarian standpoint, it is doubtful whether Mrs. Oliphant adopted the wisest course. She set a low value on her books, and the publishers seem to have taken her at her own price. She had no faith in her literary powers; she never ventured upon the step backward which enables one to leap forward further. The record of her literary life contrasts with that, not merely of such patient hermits of style as Flaubert or Pater, but of the great novelists. She did not appreciate Dickens very highly, but he was a self-respecting artist in comparison with her. We remember having been told many years ago, that some one who had known Edward Irving well called upon Mrs. Oliphant after she published the *Life* of that celebrated man in 1862, and gave her documents and particulars which threw fresh light on part of his career. Mrs. Oliphant took them, but when the second edition appeared no alterations had been interpolated. The informant called on her again, with some indignation, and asked her if she had forgotten his documents. "Oh! no," said Mrs. Oliphant, "but I am much too busy a woman to revise a book when it has once been published." If the story be not true, though we believe it is, it is yet in keeping with the spirit revealed in this Autobiography.

The pity of it is that she was a vigorous and able writer, who needed but a little self-criticism and a little time for reflection to be a very good one. Certain parts of the present volume, where the sombre passion of the writer is roused by the act of memory, are admirably

put together. She is sometimes no less pointed, no less stringent, than her friend Mrs. Carlyle, one of the few people, by the way, outside her own family, whom she seems to have admired. Excellent as literature, though sinister and harsh to a singular degree, is the entire account of her husband's last days in Italy—the grim conditions clearly seen and recorded with an unrelenting pen. About her contemporaries she is caustic, when not indifferent; but there seems almost an affectation in her carelessness as to their position as executors. The art of letters appealed to her only as an irritant. What such men as Stevenson or Rossetti or even Tennyson or Thackeray could mean when they wasted their time in polishing their periods, or spoke of one moment as more or less inspired, Mrs. Oliphant had no more idea than has a waitress in an aerated bread shop. You must serve your public, rapidly and quietly, with clean and wholesome fare, being particular to give them exactly what they want; beyond that no literary virtue existed for Mrs. Oliphant.

So that her books—it is sad to say so—must die; most of them, indeed, are dead already. "Salem Chapel," which belongs to 1863, and "The Beleaguered City," of 1880, are still alive, although they are crushed and stifled by the mass of the deceased fiction around them. Perhaps there is a little fluttering of vitality still in "The Perpetual Curate" (1864), and of course there are other stories—"Margaret Hepburn" (1854), for instance, and "Miss Marjoribanks" (1866), which certain people, no longer very young, delight in still for old sake's sake. When the worst has been said, Mrs. Oliphant's novels, at all events up to within ten years of her death, were well-carpentered, stirring, wholesome and instructive. She knew her business of story-telling admirably, within the limits laid down by her haste and by her curious heresy that "to study human nature was the greatest impertinence, to be resented whenever encountered." But when it came to criticism, to literary history, to any of the classes of literature where the perennial qualities and the philosophic spirit are essential, her failure was complete. She wrote books about Cervantes, about Dante, about Molière, with no initial knowledge of or sympathy for those writers. She undertook to rattle off a "Literary History of England in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" exactly as she undertook to rattle off a story. Her "Sheridan" is a monument of critical incapacity. And what is strange and pathetic is that she never seems, in the whole course of her Autobiography or her correspondence, to have a suspicion that good work cannot be produced according to her unflinching recipe.

It was a thousand pities. But the moral of the matter is that this is what the encouragement of the wholesale commercial movement in literature is bringing us to. Mrs. Oliphant was a woman of unusual powers of mind and character; she carried off her over-abundant and untutored work by dint of sheer vigour of temperament. Her failures may be regrettable, they are rarely despicable. But she will be followed, she is already followed, by a troop of commercial authors and "authoresses," not half so well equipped, with all her contempt for style and carelessness about learning, and much more clamorous for praise than she. Mrs. Oliphant, at least, with a simplicity which is admirable because it is so unaffected, was aware that something about her methods precluded her from winning the highest distinction. She did not comprehend, for instance, in what she fell below George Eliot—could not understand in the least degree how immensely, with all her shortcomings, that writer towered above her in intellect and in art—but still she knew that she must not expect to stand as high as the author of "Silas Marner." Mrs. Oliphant does not ask for praise or fame; she is vexed that she cannot earn so much money "per thousand words," wonders that she, with all her breathless regularity, can never command "really high terms." But those who come after her, lacking her talent, lack her modesty too, and see no reason at all why their ephemeral romances should be held less "valuable" than the works of Jane Austen or Thackeray. So we may say again that this melancholy and intelligent Autobiography marks a curious stage in the progress of the purely commercial cultivation of letters.

MERTON COLLEGE

"Merton College." By B. W. Henderson, M.A. (Oxford University College Histories.) London: F. E. Robinson. 1899.

EVERY visitor to Oxford is impressed with the beauty of Merton College; and yet only Mertonians know how beautiful their College is. One must have seen it under various aspects: "Mob" Quad by moonlight; the Chapel lit by its twinkling candles, on a winter Sunday evening; the Fellows' Garden on a May morning; the Front Quad in the autumn when the creepers have turned red; the Library at any time and every time—one must have seen all these to really know its beauties.

But Merton may be proud not only of its buildings but also of its history; it justly claims priority of existence over all other Colleges in Oxford or Cambridge. Walter de Merton, Chancellor in 1258 and 1260, and afterwards Bishop of Rochester, founded on his estate at Malden in Surrey in the year 1264 a "Domus Scholarium de Merton." It was to support twenty students at Oxford, "vel alibi ubi studium vigere contigerit," and two or three priests at Malden; at this latter place were also to reside the Warden and others who were to control and work the estates in the interests of the Oxford scholars. The Oxford community were to live together, to receive 40s. annually from the Surrey estates, to study hard and live simply, and to look forward to increasing their numbers if their income permitted. By 1268 the entire site of the present buildings of the college was obtained, and in 1274 the Surrey "Domus" was removed to Oxford, and the community received its final code of statutes—statutes which remained in force "with scarcely any radical changes down to the era of Parliamentary Commissions in the present century." University College and Balliol did not exist as colleges, as incorporated bodies of students living together, till 1280 and 1282 respectively.

Merton was to be the training place and home of secular theologians, men who might afterwards go forth and serve God in Church and State, in quiet country parishes or in busy political life—for statesmen in those days were mainly ecclesiastics; and so Walter de Merton not only refused to allow members of the religious orders to join his college, but ordained that if any scholar became a monk or friar he should forfeit his maintenance and another be chosen in his place. This alone seems fatal to the possibility of Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus having been Mertonians; they must both have belonged to the Franciscan order by the time at which tradition would make them members of the college; Mr. Henderson seems to prove this beyond doubt (pp. 288-290).

The college quickly grew in wealth and prosperity; by 1284 the number of scholars had increased to forty, and their allowance from 40s. to 50s.; and, spite of internal quarrels and serious differences with their visitor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Merton continued for more than a century the college in Oxford. Yet perhaps the period in its history on which memory loves to dwell most is that of the Civil War. In Merton the Puritan movement was strong, and from 1638 to 1641 it was very sternly "visited" and interfered with by Archbishop Laud; but when the King and Court came to Oxford in 1642, Queen Henrietta Maria lodged at Merton; the room over the archway into the Fellows' Quad has ever since been known as the "Queen's Chamber." The Hall and Gardens must have witnessed many a brilliant scene in those days, though underneath the brilliancy one cannot help thinking there must have been many anxious minds and aching hearts. Strangely enough the college gained, against its will, one of the most famous of its many famous Wardens of this time. Nathaniel Brent, elected Warden in 1622, was a staunch Puritan; and when Charles came to Oxford he prudently absented himself from the city. In 1645 the Sub-warden and Fellows received a letter from the King declaring Brent deposed from his wardenship "as a man unworthy and no longer capable of that employment," and bidding them nominate according to custom three candidates, one of whom the King would appoint Warden. It was known

that he was anxious for the appointment of his own physician, William Harvey, M.D.; and as a matter of fact, in spite of the protests of the Fellows, Harvey was made Warden. But he only enjoyed his office a year; in April 1646 the King left Oxford, Harvey retired to London, and Brent returned to govern Merton College as before.

The much-debated question of the date of the chapel seems to be settled at last. The pure decorated architecture of the choir would certainly suggest, if not require, the last years of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century; and Mr. Henderson has found Bursars' rolls which prove that a new church was being built as late as 1297, and had not been completely fitted by 1306. On the other hand there is a Bursar's roll of 1277 containing a note of payment for the dedication of the high altar; and it has usually been supposed that this dedication must have marked the completion of the choir. Mr. Henderson suggests, however, that it refers to a solemn re-dedication of the high altar in the older Church of S. John the Baptist after the confirmation of the founding and the constitutions of the college by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Lincoln (p. 201). For ourselves, we doubt whether such a re-dedication would be likely, though we confess we cannot offer any more plausible explanation.

Mr. Henderson's book will be a very welcome addition to the library of every Merton man; he writes with a real enthusiasm for the college and a true artistic appreciation of its beauties; he says very little about the amount of labour and research each page must have cost him, and he justly and kindly acknowledges his obligations to earlier labourers in the same field; and especially to the Warden who has now been for eighteen years the popular head of the college.

THE RELIGION OF ZOROASTER.

"Zoroaster the Prophet of Ancient Irân." By A. V. Williams Jackson. London: Macmillan. 1899.

THERE are few religions in the world more interesting than that of Zoroaster. It is the one organised religion which has a purely Aryan origin. Judaism and Mohammedanism are Semitic, Buddhism represented the protest of the non-Aryan populations of India against their Aryan masters, and in Christianity we have a Semitic form of faith modified only by Aryan ideas and belief. But Zoroastrianism retained from the outset its Aryan character. Not only was its founder and his first disciples of purely Aryan descent, the religion he founded never spread beyond the limits of the Aryan race. The scanty remnant of its adherents still trace their lineage from the Aryan families of ancient Persia, and boast of the purity of their blood.

Like all the other great religions of the world, Zoroastrianism was the creation of a single man. It bore upon itself from the first the stamp of its individual founder. The religious conceptions which lay behind it, the system of thought upon which Zoroaster worked, were indeed an old Aryan heritage, but the shape which he gave to them was his own. Like Buddha or Mohammed, he was at once a reformer and a creator. The popular faith was purified and reformed, and a new conception of the Deity and of man's attitude towards Him was introduced.

Zoroaster was an historical personage. Myths, it is true, gathered around him as they have done round the persons of the founders of other religions, and there is a legendary Zoroaster just as there is a legendary Buddha. But beside and beyond the legendary Zoroaster there is an historical Zoroaster, the main facts of whose life were never forgotten. He was an Aryan Mede who died only a generation or two before the rise of the Persian Empire, at a time when the power of Assyria was hastening to decay. We know of him not only from the sacred books of the Zoroastrian faith, but also from Greek and Roman writers, one of whom, Xanthos of Lydia, lived in the fifth century B.C.

The object of Professor Jackson's book is to tell us all that can be learned from these sources about the great "prophet of Irân." No scholar could be found better qualified for such a task. His work is exhaus-

tive, and at the same time avoids the temptation of deviating from its proper subject into an account of Zoroastrianism itself and its later development, Mazdaism. But everything bearing upon the history of the prophet is given; the volume is rich in notes and quotations, and all the classical passages relating to Zoroaster are quoted in full. Nothing can be clearer than its arrangement and form, and a summary is even added at the end of each chapter to assist the reader in following its contents. In fact the only fault that can be found with the volume is that style has been sacrificed in it to lucidity, and that there is too strong a flavour of German jejuneness and "dry light."

Professor Jackson is conservative in his views and preserves a contemptuous silence towards many of the theories and paradoxes that have been advanced of late years on the subject of Zoroastrianism. He has no doubt about the genuineness of the Gâthas, the psalms which form as it were the kernel of the Zoroastrian canon and are popularly believed to go back to the age of the prophet himself. He even holds that there may be an element of truth in the later legends of Persian and Arab writers. Hence he accepts the narratives, late and doubtful as they are, which make Balkh the chief scene of the prophet's activity and the capital of his patron, King Vishtâspa. The acceptance involves the view which makes Bactria the earliest home of Zoroastrian doctrine and the starting-point of its missionary enterprise. At the same time Professor Jackson cannot resist the evidence which has led modern scholars to see in Media Atropatene, the Adarbijân of to-day, the birthplace of the prophet. Zoroaster's mother belonged to Raghâ or Rhages, his father's family to Western Irân. He was thus a Mede of the Medes, in strict conformity with the passage of Herodotus according to which the Magians were originally a Median tribe. If the tribe were that from which Zoroaster himself was sprung, we should have an explanation of the subsequent transference of the name to the priests of the faith which he founded.

Professor Jackson endeavours to harmonise the western birthplace with his belief in the eastern position of the scene of the prophet's ministry by supposing that Zoroaster, despairing of the conversion of his Median fellow-countrymen, made his way to the frontiers of Afghanistan, and there found disciples and friends. But after all no harmony is needed. The connexion between Bactria and Zoroaster first appears in classical writers later than the Christian era, and may go back to the apocryphal histories of Ctesias, in which Bactria and an imaginary Bactrian kingdom play a conspicuous part. From this time onward Bactria assumed in the eyes of the Greeks an important place in the early history of the East, and even the Egyptian Sesostris was made to lead his armies against it. But there is no reason to believe in the existence of a Bactrian kingdom, or even of a civilised population in the country, before the rise of the Persian Empire; indeed the cuneiform inscriptions, about which, by the way, Professor Jackson is strangely reticent, seem to exclude anything of the kind. Vishtâspa, Zoroaster's patron, was more probably a Median kinglet than a Bactrian prince, and the identity of his name with that of the father of Darius, whom the Greeks called Hystaspes, points to a western origin.

We know that Media was divided into a number of petty principalities, each ruled by what the Assyrians called a "city-lord." We know also that both Medes and Persians were closely allied in blood and language, and that Darius the second founder of the Persian Empire was to all intents a follower of Zoroaster. That he did not conform in all respects to the ceremonial and doctrinal law of Zoroastrianism, as it was understood in later times, is nothing to the point; it proves no more than what we knew already, that the details of this law were a later development. The inscriptions of Darius show conclusively that he was a worshipper of Ahura Mazda, of whom Zoroaster was the prophet.

Whether the inscriptions are equally clear in showing that Darius also believed in the evil principle opposed to Ahura Mazda is not so clear. If Dr. Oppert's translation of a passage contained in them is correct, we should have to conclude not only that Darius admitted its existence but also knew it by its Zoro-

astrian name. At all events the language he uses of his God implies that over-against the God of light and truth there was another power of darkness and falsehood, to which those who denied the true faith were subject. In some form or other, therefore, the dualism characteristic of the teaching of Zoroaster was already an integral part of the state religion of Persia. It is this dualism, this doctrine of the eternal conflict between a god of good and a god of evil, which has given Zoroastrianism whatever influence it has exercised over the other religions of the world. Under the name of Manicheism it penetrated into Christianity, and Christian belief in some of its forms still shows the traces of it. It is, in fact, a rough and ready way of explaining the mystery of evil, and it found a soil already prepared for it in a society which lived in perpetual conflict with the men of another race and was in touch with Babylonia and the Babylonian tradition of the immemorial struggle between darkness and light.

MASTERS OF PARODY.

"James and Horace Smith." A Family Narrative. By Arthur H. Beavan. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1899.

MR. BEAVAN'S volume is well named "A Family Narrative." It comprises a good deal of information concerning the Smiths, especially the father of James and Horace Smith, but very little that is new and important of the lives and careers of the famous parodists. The "hitherto unpublished" papers upon which Mr. Beavan's book is based have not proved very inspiring. They relate, chiefly it appears, to Robert Smith, the father of James and Horace, and though the journals of the elder Smith are not without a kind of interest they do not contribute anything material to the subject of Mr. Beavan's undertaking. Apparently these diaries of Robert Smith are voluminous. Mr. Beavan has, it cannot be denied, drawn upon them copiously, perhaps diffusely. But while in this matter he is liberal, he is oddly, perhaps coyly, reticent with respect to the authors of the "Rejected Addresses" and the art of parody in which they attained eminence. Curiously perfunctory is his treatment of the brilliant little book which made its authors, an unknown solicitor and an unknown stockbroker, more popular and more discussed than any writer of the time. The story of the publication of the "Rejected Addresses" has been often told. Mr. Beavan tells it once more, and very baldly, it must be said, and that is all. He quotes a few verses, and sets against these examples certain passages from the real Scott or the real Southey, and leaves poets and parodists to the comparative criticism of the reader. Now there may be discretion in all this, but it is not stimulating. In a word, Mr. Beavan has missed his opportunity. He is absolutely silent on the art of parody. He has nothing to say of the qualities that distinguish the best of the "Rejected Addresses"—those, for instance, ascribed to Wordsworth and Southey, to Scott and Crabbe—from the mass of merely imitative and verbally dexterous examples that pass for parody, and rank them among the few masterpieces of parody in English literature. Mr. Beavan, indeed, seems to have no very definite idea of what parody is. He quotes approvingly the quaint testimony of a Leicestershire parson who said of the "Rejected Addresses" that he did not see why they were "rejected" as he thought "some of them very good." Mr. Beavan is disposed to say ditto to this country clergyman, and declines to venture out of his shallows. "In reality," he says of these parodies, "they are clever imitations of well-known poets and writers, but strictly speaking they are not so much parodies as distinct literary compositions." He is taken, as so many are, with the superficial, the facile and imitative, aspect of parody.

With parody, too common is it to be led away by this showy deception. To have it said of a parody that it so "like" the writer parodied it might have been his is commonly regarded as the highest praise. The likeness may be of the closest, yet without a trace of the spirit, the simulation of style, and the wit, that are effulgent in the "Rejected Addresses." Scott, it is

true, thought he must have written the verses attributed to him by Horace Smith. But Scott was no critic. He was only too amiably disposed, as Horace Smith himself knew, to over-rate any kind of excellence in others. No contemporary of Phillips mistook "The Splendid Shilling" to be Milton's. Let us take another eminent example. No reader of Theodore Hook's extremely droll parody of Leigh Hunt could imagine it to be the real prose and verse of the author of "The Story of Rimini." In all fine parody, as Calverley and "J. K. S." both exemplified—to cite recent masters—there is the element of unlikeness, the subtle suggestion of burlesque. Turning once more to Mr. Beavan's family narrative, we have to observe that the most pleasing and interesting portion of it is that which deals with Robert Smith, the father of the parodists. It is a most agreeable and instructive sketch. Like his sons, he was a genial and admirably social man. His jottings both of business and pleasure afford some attractive glimpses of the times and some pleasant revelations of character. In spite of his removal from Bridgwater, where he was born, to London, where he practised as a solicitor with much success, he never quite outgrew a certain strait and provincial point of view. In an early account of a journey to Paris he saw the waltz, the "new dance," in that capital, and "understood it to be German" and thought it "indecent." Much later he criticises Horace Smith's "Brambletye House," objecting to the mixture of truth and fiction as tending to "confound the unsuspecting reader," and to the "vulgar habit of swearing," which is a fault in some of the characters, though he does not "perceive that any of the critical reviewers have noticed it." Altogether, the discerning reader will not fail to note how like in temperament and character Horace Smith was to his father. In them both was combined a rather unusual "liberality" of mind with a curious narrowness in little matters. Mr. Beavan's volume, if somewhat wanting in what is the main interest of its subject, is decidedly not without illumination in the small things of biography.

APPLIED PHILOSOPHY.

"Lectures and Essays on Natural Theology and Ethics." By William Wallace. Edited by E. Caird. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1898.

IT is only natural that the friends and pupils of the late Professor Wallace should desire to possess some memorial of one who, with the possible exception of R. L. Nettleship, was the most distinguished teacher of philosophy in Oxford since the death of Green; and the satisfaction of this legitimate wish would have been sufficient justification for the present volume. It might appear however to have been the aim of the Master of Balliol and his colleagues in the work of selection from the MSS. left by Professor Wallace to achieve the more difficult task of interesting the public at large in the thoughts of a man whose influence during his lifetime was necessarily confined to a limited circle. Certainly if this were the aim the selection has been made with admirable discretion. No reader, however little versed in philosophy, need be deterred by the natural fear of embarking on abstruse disquisitions couched in technical or scholastic terminology. Of the essays in this volume, two only—that on Lotze and on Mr. McTaggart's "Studies in the Hegelian Dialectic"—appeal mainly to the professed student of philosophy: the remainder treat in language which can properly be called English of such subjects as the ethics of Socialism, the theory of responsibility and punishment, the relations between politics and morality, and between morality and religion. Discussion of these matters in the present day with its jangle of conflicting opinions is by no means confined to academic groves and lecture-rooms.

Professor Wallace was indeed admirably fitted both by nature and training to "popularise" philosophy—in the best sense of the word. He was commonly known as a follower of Hegel; but it would convey a very false impression to describe the views expressed in the present work as Hegelian. Of the doctrines—metaphysical or logical—which are peculiar to Hegel's

system, little or no trace is to be found; yet the central principles of philosophic inquiry which Hegel indeed re-stated, but which are part of the common heritage of thought, are dominant throughout. Philosophy to Wallace was much less a system of ideas than a method to be applied in the investigation of the facts of ethics and religion in which, owing doubtless to his Scotch descent and early training, he was primarily interested. The keynote of his ethical and political thinking is the insistence on the fact of human association in the State as the source from which morality arises and the atmosphere in which alone it can live. Duties, rights, responsibility, personality itself imply in their essential nature membership of a society with its controlling standard of action and ideals of conduct; and the theories that he combats are the theories which starting with the individual as an independent unit find society or morality an artificial and unnatural product. Whether with Hobbes we regard the State as a benefit merely by comparison with the "mean nasty brutish and short" life which preceded it: or whether with Rousseau and Herbert Spencer we regard it as shackling the natural right to freedom of the individual, it matters not: in either case we have ended by explaining away the fact which we profess to explain. "It is the very condition of human life that we cannot get rid of social pressure altogether. We may therefore dismiss the hypothesis of a meeting of individuals previously isolated and independent with the view of forming an association. Individuals thus absolutely individualised would never have come together at all. . . . The mere individual has no rights as such: he has rights only as a person, as a member of society embodying in himself partially at least the aggregate of which he is a unit. A person in short is an individual who has what we may call a public character, a social function to perform." From this point of view Socialism commended itself to him, in so far as under the vague body of doctrine concealed by that ambiguous term there could be discerned a genuine desire to promote "the solidarity of human effort in which citizenship is realised as the governing idea of all life," and to give "palpable expression to the principle of the subordination of all the materials of civilisation to the common weal."

It is, however, rather on the concrete application of philosophic principles to human history than on their systematic exposition that Professor Wallace loved to dwell. He had much of the penetrative sagacity necessary for the historian; and as his powers as a lecturer proved, he had also the rhetorician's instinct for an apt phrase and a striking illustration. He is seen at his best when he traces the history of some conception such as that of Natural Rights from the time of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution and analyses the social changes in which it arose and to which it in turn gave rise; or when he compares the forms taken by the notion of duty in Jewish, Greek, and mediæval history.

The same insight and sympathy are shown in the exposition of the ethical ideas underlying religious institutions—a subject to which a great part of the lectures on Natural Religion is devoted. No one would suspect Professor Wallace of regarding with favour many of the doctrines inculcated by mediæval Catholicism; yet he rightly finds in it the crowning merit "that in a rough and imperfect way the Church regarded itself as a central and guiding principle of life," and that in consequence the various elements of experience, art, science, social, and political feelings were moulded by a single spirit into a unity which the modern world tries vainly to regain.

It must be admitted that he is less happy in his analysis of the religious consciousness itself. Stimulating and suggestive his views often are, but the rhetoric at times overpowers the thought, and there is betrayed a constant tendency to identify religion exclusively with feeling—whether as "the sense of utter self-dependence on God," or as the vague trust "that the inmost and supreme forces of the world are on man's side." The separation of religion from theology, which is the consequence of such identification, comes strangely from one who insists elsewhere on the relativity of such distinctions. Spinoza's "amor in-

tellectualis Dei" might have served to remind him that in the highest form of the religious consciousness reason and feeling must be at one. It would, however, be unjust criticism to blame this work for omissions which after all are the defects of its qualities; it will abundantly serve to show that at a time when the so-called practical studies hold the field, the study of philosophy also can have a practical value in the criticism and solution of the complex problems of politics and ethics.

NOVELS.

"The Individualist." By W. H. Mallock. London: Chapman and Hall. 1899.

We cannot help regretting the appearance of "The Individualist." It is in every sense a decadent book, showing us Mr. Mallock at his feeblest, both as a novelist and as a moralist, while he drags Tristram Lacy, his world-weary hero who could do anything but deems nothing worth doing, through an interminable series of tiresome scenes and dispiriting dialogues. Now and again we find slight descriptive touches which recall the caustic humour and acidulated contempt of the author's earlier writings, such as the failure of a biblical diorama because the Archbishop of Canterbury said that it damaged the cause of Revelation by the prominence which it gave to miracles, but these are rare denizens of an ocean of dulness. The least tedious pages occur in some of the opening chapters, where Mr. Mallock appears in a new rôle as a critic of "Settlements," but even here the master's hand does not show its cunning. We are introduced, for instance, to a workman protégé of Startfield Hall who told a mass meeting of men, "not one of whom had had a job for a twelvemonth," that it was "they, and such as they, that had made all the country's wealth;" wherein we see neither reasonable cynicism nor personable caricature, but only blatant burlesque. As an attempt to administer social medicine in a fictional syrup, the book is a heavy disappointment. Mr. Mallock seems to be settling down to much the same part in literature that Lord Wemyss takes in politics, but to play it adequately he must keep clear of this kind of romance. His story is, in truth, several degrees less attractive than the ethical and economical criticism with which it is intertwined, though the latter tells us nothing that has not been put more pointedly in his serious treatises.

"The Span o' Life." By William McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith. Illustrations by F. de Myrbach. London and New York: Harper. 1899.

HISTORICAL novels have had their day, though they have not ceased to be; and it is unfortunate for a book so clever and well written as "The Span o' Life" that its genre should be a little out of the mode. The hero Hugh Maxwell is the Chevalier de Johnstone, aide-de-camp to Lord George Murray at Culloden, and afterwards of Montcalm at Quebec. The authors follow somewhat closely the actual facts of his career. Whether the gods really rewarded Johnstone with the boon of wooing and winning a Margaret Nairn is more than we know. We credit the imagination of the authors with the very attractive love story, and the complication of untoward events and misunderstandings which came very near separating them at the last. Margaret, with all her fine qualities, was somewhat difficile, especially on the point of Jacobitism. She broke one lover's heart, the Vicomte de Trincardel's, because he had to arrest Prince Charles at the Opera; she discarded her brother because his Jacobitism was not as ardent as her own. Le pauvre Trincardel disappeared from Paris and Margaret never saw him again until they met in the woods of Canada, she being a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. She was then on her way to find Maxwell at Louisbourg with the object of convincing him that he had made a mistake when he had formerly refused her very charming offer of marriage. She was under the impression that his poverty and not his will had frustrated her on that occasion; but there was in fact another incident in Maxwell's career which was more serious and turned upon a certain Lucy who had become a Methodist since Hugh last saw her.

Margaret was not aware of the terrible embarrassment this caused her lover. However, after all "the Span o' Life's nae lang enough"—nor were other natural and physical obstacles sufficient—to part her and Hugh. We reach the conclusion with much satisfaction: for they were really a very fine couple.

"The Old Dominion." By Mary Johnston. Westminster: Constable. 1899.

This is a good book with one great artistic fault. The story takes us to Virginia in the time of Charles II., when it was under the dominion of the King's representative. Landless, the hero, is the honourable son of a Puritan gentleman and soldier; he is sold into slavery as a "convict," and gets into the service of Colonel Verney. His place is amongst the Oliverians, blacks and convicts, who work the tobacco fields, but his secretarial skill brings him into the house, and he falls in love with Patricia the Colonel's daughter, who is half engaged to Sir Charles Carew, a Royalist baronet. His resentment of Carew's insolence brings him to the lash, and this embittering incident leads him to help, and eventually to head, a conspiracy for an Oliverian revolt in the colony. Incidentally the description of the slaves' quarter and the plantations is remarkably good and real; so is the account of the storm and all the fighting scenes that follow—though one might raise the objection that there is too much of the latter and that the bloodshed is rather merciless! The story of how Landless rescued Patricia from the Indians, protected her through days of wandering in the forest alone, and won her love makes excellent romance. And now comes the artistic error which spoils the book—it lies in the cowardly behaviour of the high-spirited Patricia towards the man she loves. She consents, at his command, to desert him—as do the group of Royalist gentlemen who owe their lives and safety to his heroism. This command was the only one an honourable man could make, but it was one an honourable woman must disobey. The act of desertion is bad art and wholly inconsistent with the character of Patricia.

"Through a Keyhole." By Cosmo Hamilton. London: Chatto and Windus. 1899.

Mr. Hamilton has an unusual gift for succinct character-sketching and, if his natural freshness survive so long, he will some day make his mark as a minor novelist. This little story is dedicated "To Patty, Dearest under the sun," and she is also the heroine, which points to the reprehensible modern habit of drawing upon private life for the materials of fiction. If this points truly, and Mr. Hamilton is really his own hero, he certainly possesses gifts of tolerance and introspection. The uxorious young husband may be laughed at, but he must be liked, and Patty, with all her intolerable whims and tyranny, is very human. Even the bull-pup, Gargantua, would have repaid development, and should have been taken more seriously. The end of the story is pathetic and encourages us to praise, though the overdone humour has often irritated, and though we regret that the author has found it so difficult not to write a satire.

"An Exiled Scot." By H. A. Bryden. London: Chatto and Windus. 1899.

Mr. Bryden tells an interesting story pleasantly and unpretentiously, laying his scene in the territory as to which, particularly in matters of sport, he is a well-known authority. Plenty of sport falls to the lot of the exile, who having done his best for Prince Charles in 1745, retires, when all is over, to settle in South Africa. There he fights Dutchmen and Frenchmen, sea-cows, pirates, bushmen and lions, while such love-making as he finds leisure for ends in marriage before two-thirds of the story have been told. The reader may at times wish that the author had studied the art of story-telling more closely, and had learnt, among other things, to subordinate his interesting information a little more to his narrative, but the story cannot fail to appeal to lovers of sport and adventure in savage lands.

"England's Peril." By William Le Queux. London: White and Co. 1899.

Mr. Le Queux is a practised writer of tales of crime and mystery. Practice however does not always

make perfect and Mr. Le Queux would turn out better work if he gave himself more time to develop what he devises with so much ingenuity. For instance, the conversation and reflections of his characters could hardly strike him as life-like did he remember that even in the most preposterous circumstances his puppets should seem to be real persons. Again, he must know that to unravel a mystery by the detailed, and practically voluntary, confession of a principal criminal, though it may save labour, is hardly artistic. As a frontispiece Mr. Gaston Darbour has contributed a clever drawing of a woman's head; presumably that of the heroine, an unimaginable lady with whom we have no sympathy.

"The Maternity of Harriott Wicken." By Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney. London: Heinemann. 1899.

In "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken" Mrs. Dudeney has produced a sad and painful story, pessimistic if you will, but remarkable for its subtlety of observation, and charged with intense human interest. The revelation to Harriott of her unfortunate family history, which is the turning point in her life, and is followed by the change of her morbid and exaggerated emotions from hatred of to love for her idiot child, is one of several episodes treated with considerable skill. It is an undeniably clever psychological study of a victim of heredity, which would have lost none of its power by the omission of a few superfluous touches of realism not in the best taste.

"The Resurrection of His Grace." By Campbell Rae Brown. London: Greening. 1899.

This is a grotesquely improbable story of an unsuccessful endeavour to circumvent a stringent rule of the Turf. The idea of preserving the Duke's body in a state as nearly resembling life as possible is not original, though it serves its purpose; but readers of sporting novels, who usually are not hard to please, will perhaps find some amusement in "The Resurrection of His Grace," which has one merit—it is brief.

"More Methodist Idylls." By Harry Lindsay. London: Bowden. 1899.

This delightful volume of "More Methodist Idylls" should find its way into quiet households. Its sketches of human love and self-abnegation will appeal to simple natures. Very touching are the three chapters included under the heading of "The Wooing of Blodwen."

In "The Sound of a Voice that is Still" (Redway) Mr. Archie Campbell introduces us to a fantastic Society of Spiritualists than whom a more intolerable set of bores it is not easy to conceive. Mr. Campbell is at a loss to determine whether he has unconsciously evolved from his inner self the ideas and characters of which his narrative treats, or whether they have come to him really from without. Those who are interested in spiritualistic manifestations will no doubt find entertainment in the "incarnations," "mahatmas," and "psychic bodies," but those who are not will give the novel a short shrift.

"A Fair Fraud," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron (John Long), is an invaluable book for an influenza patient. The story is of the old type. Its events and characters are the conventional property of the novelist pieced together in a number of brightly written, easily read pages, over which a happy ending hovers from the beginning.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Dawn." By Emile Verhaeren; translated by Arthur Symons. London: Duckworth.

It is permissible to ascribe to the Belgian poets a common attribute: we should say it was an extraordinary power of creating an atmosphere. The medium by which they realise things is so true to the thing in itself, that it produces something in the nature of a mental mirage in others. Verhaeren's "Dawn," admirably prefaced and translated by Mr. Arthur Symons, is the drama of a mob in revolution. There are three leaders: Hainaux represents the wordy shifty agitator, not without good instincts, but whose resources are summed up in a desire to assassinate, and who is himself shaken between vainglory, cowardice and remorse. Le Breux—by some error his name is

omitted in the list of dramatis personæ—is the man of firm commonsense.

"Hérénien is that wonderful and sacred thing
That lives, beyond the shadow of this hour,
Already in the future, which he touches."

From Rome, through Paris, down to a harmless uproar in an English political meeting, a mob is recognisably the same thing; it is like an atmospheric disturbance endowed with speech, a blind instinct and emotion that is absolutely brainless. "We don't know what we want, now that we want it all together," cries one from the "groups"—for so Verhaeren shapes the palpitating changes of the composite but inorganic crowd. Into the midst of this volcanic eruption against injustice, he brings the beautiful and sustaining poem of the love between Hérénien and his wife; and again, from the inchoate mass, with the same glowing imagination he cuts steady images of distinct personalities. Into the shaken atmosphere of revolt, the death of Hérénien in the moment of his triumph falls as a relief. Though the pages terminate in peace, and the rout of tyranny, one retreats for a sense of stability upon this main phenomenon of nature, the lasting mystery of death. To say that, is only to say that the insight of the poet is sound, and reflects the nature of things. A cheaper art would have spared us this ultimate truth and left the mind apprehensive in the midst of triumph. But no one will lay it to the charge of the best of the Belgian poets that they flatter and falsify emotion; it is, on the contrary, their aim, as it is the value of their work, to insist upon, to strike, and own to, profounder laws than art, as yet, has touched. In his preface, Mr. Symons indicates, by illustrations from his poems, the advance of M. Verhaeren's mind out of naturalism into symbolism. That there is a close connexion between the two schools, no student of literature and no student of human nature can doubt; standing towards each other, in their barest manifestations, in an antagonistic light, a minuter study and more prolonged examination will reveal in this apparent opposition simply the relative positions of root and flower.

"Queen's College." By J. H. Gray, M.A. "Downing College." By the Rev. H. W. Pettit Stevens, M.A., LL.M. University of Cambridge College Histories. London: Robinson. 1899.

The authors of these volumes have performed their tasks with ingenuity. Mr. Gray has compressed into 299 pages the story of an illustrious foundation which owes its origin to the heroic wife of the Sixth Henry, while Mr. Pettit Stevens has so expanded his somewhat meagre material as to make a readable volume of 276 pages. It appears impossible to pursue any system save that of Procrustes in the publication of the series. It is as if two competent writers were bidden to provide the histories of Egypt and the Congo Free State in companion volumes. Queen's is a small college with a great history. Founded by "Anjou's heroine" three years before the outbreak of the wars which wrought her ruin, it has never lacked historic associations. In Tudor times it had the wise and saintly Fisher for one of its masters. Its crowning glory for all time is that it was chosen as his residence by Erasmus, who composed there his editions of S. Jerome and the New Testament. The President suffered for his loyalty under the Commonwealth, and among its sons there have never been wanting worthy upholders of its best traditions. Downing may have a future as illustrious but, as the historian must record the past, Mr. Stevens has to spread his butter thinly on an unconscionable amount of dry bread. The exploits of Mr. Ellis J. Griffith, M.P., in his earlier years may afford keen pleasure to young Wales, but at present they have not attained to historic value. It is hardly the function of the Academic Clio to note that Lord Justice Collins' clerk returned on his chief's appointment to the Bench "no fewer than twenty-four large briefs." It reads more like the by-the-way story of the evening journal. The historian further records the interesting fact that "about the sixties some of the Previous Examination work was undertaken by dons of Downing." In support of this assertion he appeals to "Horace at Athens," but was Sir George Trevelyan recording an historical event, or was he poking fun at a certain seminary of sound learning when he wrote the lines in question?

"Funafuti, or Three Months on a Coral Island: an Unscientific Account of a Scientific Expedition." By Mrs. Edgeworth-David. London: Murray. 1899.

A coral island should only be described in poetry or at the least in sentimental prose, which is the superior of blank verse. A scientific expedition is necessarily unpoetical and Mrs. David's description, though unscientific, is unsentimental. To begin with, many illusions are shattered by the discovery of missionaries on a coral island. Mrs. David humbly expresses the hope that, if her book serves no other purpose, it may "perhaps be indirectly the cause of securing a medical missionary for the island of Funafuti." Her account of missionary enterprise there is far from inspiring. This is how the apostles of Christianity celebrate the Eucharist in Funafuti: "The pastor in charge stood up in front of a rough little table that served for a reading-desk, and which I noticed had some

kind of vessels on it covered with a soiled sheet of once white calico. He addressed his flock briefly: then he raised the grimy cover, and revealed a sight which filled me with horror. The taro (which was to take the place of bread) was placed on two soiled enamelled plates; the coconut juice (which took the place of wine) was in a brown crockery teapot with broken lid and spout, and the cups were just two common German beer glasses with their metal tops broken. Nothing was clean and nothing was whole." The book is a rough account of an expedition undertaken by a party of Australians to verify Charles Darwin's theory of the origin of coral-reefs and atolls. The machinery broke down and no useful results were obtained. Mrs. David's book only records trivial experiences in a flippant strain and is neither interesting nor even amusing. The natives she observed had been too much under the influence of missionary enterprise to be natural, and her own colonial prejudices evidently disqualified her for intelligent observation. The only deducible conclusion is that missionaries are not fair exponents of European civilisation in Funafuti.

"Through the Storm: Pictures of Life in Armenia." By Avetis Nazarbek, translated by Mrs. L. M. Elton, with a prefatory note by Professor F. York Powell. London: Murray. 1899.

The title of this book is a little misleading. The series of pictures describes not the normal life, the humdrum daily jog-trot of an Armenian peasant's existence, but life as it was in the stirring years 1894, 1895 and 1896. It is a rather belated contribution to a great controversy. To-day we are inclined to regard the Armenian massacres as belonging to ancient history. M. Nazarbek's faithful portrayal of those times of storm and stress rouse much the same sort of interest as an ordinary historical novel. From the point of view of the novel-reader the book will appear to be wanting in light and shade and to be deplorably lacking in humour. When however we bear in mind by whom it is written we shall make allowance for the deficiency, and cheerfully recognise that M. Nazarbek has succeeded in giving us a series of moving and interesting sketches of a period of Armenian life in which as an Armenian he sees little but tragedy. M. Nazarbek is the editor of a revolutionary periodical published in London, which has done immense harm to the Armenian cause in this country. In this book he has been faithful to his revolutionary methods. He has given us facts and sensations, has shown us the Armenians as sheep, the Turks as butchers, but has not endeavoured to explain the causes which contributed to produce that sudden outbreak of fanaticism deplored by all humane people. Whilst therefore his sketches will be eagerly read by persons who like to have their feelings harrowed, they do not throw much light on Armenian affairs. Seeing that M. Nazarbek is a refugee and was not in Armenia during the massacres, his sketches are remarkably accurate.

"The Story of the British Race." By J. Munro. London: George Newnes. 1899.

The story of the British race in Mr. Munro's hands resolves itself into a series of diatribes against scholars, critics, historians, and archaeologists, varied with violent panegyrics of Scotchmen and Scotland. The author's virulence increases as he proceeds and he finally "runs amok" among all who have dared to speak of the Celtic fringe or the Celtic influence in literature. The worst of all this higher criticism with its supposed scientific data is that its conjectures seem infinitely wilder than the received theories it attempts to displace. Nations have an individuality whatever anthropologists may say and climate plays, we fancy, a far greater rôle in race evolution than some of them are willing to allow.

"The Works of Shakespeare." Edited by C. H. Herford. London: Macmillan. 1899.

Shakespeare editions are almost as numerous as publishers. Easy as it is to secure a "Shakespeare" in one volume or in many, there yet seems to be a welcome for every new comer. Messrs. Macmillan are now adding his works in ten volumes to their Eversley series. Four volumes have already been published. The edition is being edited and annotated by Professor C. H. Herford, and is designed for the cultured reader who does not aim at becoming a Shakespeare professor or examinee. The Eversley Shakespeare will form a notable addition to libraries not already in possession of a respectable edition of the bard's works.

How Napoleon III. did his utmost to bring about the disarmament of Europe by means of a Peace Conference in 1863, and again in 1870, is the theme of an interesting paper by M. Albert Pingaud in the "Revue de Paris" for 15 May. It had ever been the Emperor's dream to have perpetual peace; but with the exception of Italy no other Power could be persuaded to fall in with his proposals and plans. England, through Lord John Russell, replied that "a Congress would not have sufficient authority to settle the questions in dispute," and that to Europe "it would be a source of further strife;" while Germany, Russia and Austria sent conditional and evasive answers that

put the light of Napoleon's scheme entirely out. Early in 1870 he renewed his propositions to Prussia through Lord Clarendon, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. But Bismarck's reply was firm and terse. The Prussian Army, he said, was too difficult an institution to touch, and had frontiers (open to invasion on all sides) to protect. "La Prusse n'est pas une nation conquérante," he concluded. And six months later war broke out.

"Cameos from English History." The Eighteenth Century. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Ninth Series. London: Macmillan. 1899.

For those who like or need their history brief, pointed, and anecdotal, or desire agreeable reminders of historical studies long forgotten, there is probably no other series like Miss Yonge's clear-cut "Cameos." The present volume—a remarkable production for a lady of 76 with so busy a record as Miss Yonge's—contains chapters dealing with leading events between 1730 and 1795, a period just now the subject of considerable discussion.

THE MILES AND METHUEN OLD MASTERS.

Last Saturday's sale at Christie's—when the few pictures by old masters bought in at the Leigh Court sale of 1884 and the old pictures from the collection of Lord Methuen came under the hammer—was in many respects of considerable interest. It is a constant "lament" that the old masters of the Italian School do not to-day appeal to collectors as they did three-quarters of a century ago. But the fact is, genuine examples only occur for sale at long and irregular intervals. Good old copies of every master are to be met with in abundance, and very many of these were purchased as—and at the price of—originals by uncritical collectors of the early part of the century. It is therefore perfectly absurd and misleading to compare the prices paid with those now realised for these old copies. Of the score of pictures with great names from Leigh Court, only three were indisputably genuine—the Rubenses. And of these the "Holy Family" is of the highest quality, it realised 8,300 guineas as against 5,000 guineas at which it was bought in fifteen years ago. The great size of the splendidly vigorous "Conversion of Saul"—8 ft. by 11½ ft.—told against it, for few collectors to-day have accommodation for gallery pictures of this dimension; it, however, realised 1,950 guineas, at which amount also the "Woman Taken in Adultery" was knocked down. These two pictures were bought in at the 1884 sale at 3,300 guineas and 1,700 guineas respectively. The Methuen pictures were mostly "mentioned by Dr. Waagen"—an amiable but quite unreliable critic who came to England half a century or more ago, apparently with a fixed determination to admire and praise everything he saw in the shape of old masters. He even highly eulogised our country inns of that period, which shows the extraordinary capacity of his powers of eulogy. One of the choicest in the collection, an example of Piero della Francesca, was withdrawn at the last moment by Lord Methuen. The portrait of himself by Andrea del Sarto was painted for the Ricci Gallery, Florence, and is one of the many capital pictures brought home by the Rev. J. Sanford: it realised 890 guineas. The "Holy Family" of Lorenzo di Credi brought 680 guineas, and the "Coronation of the Virgin" of the even rarer master Gentile da Fabriano brought 560 guineas and has gone to Paris. In some respects the little example of J. de Mabuse was the most interesting in the sale: it comprises portraits of the children of Henry VII., Arthur Prince of Wales, Henry afterwards Henry VIII., and Margaret who married the King of Scotland—a picture of great historic interest, and cheap at 530 guineas.

The miscellaneous properties included in the same day's sale comprised two very fine portraits by Frans Hals, a portrait of a gentleman in black dress and cloak, and the companion of a lady in black dress and large white cuffs: both are dated 1648, and it is almost incredible—yet it is we believe a fact—that these portraits changed hands not long ago at about £50 each—they now realised 3,000 guineas and 2,000 guineas respectively. The several examples of Romney were not of a high order, but the portrait of Mrs. Francis Newbery, a substantial and not very attractive looking person of forty or thereabouts, sold for 1,650 guineas—a sum far beyond any reasonable anticipation. Raeburn's pretty little portrait of a young girl in white muslin dress seated in a landscape brought 1,900 guineas—an unusual price for a work by this master; and the Hoppner portrait of a lady, said to represent Harriet Westbrook, Shelley's first wife, went for 1,380 guineas, also an excellent price. There were a few pictures of minor Dutch artists, notably one each of Teniers and W. van Mieris, both of which have considerably advanced in price since they were last in the sale-room. Mention should also be made of a capital example of Peter Nasmyth, a mountainous river scene in Wales, with a bridge, dated 1830, 760 guineas.

For This Week's Books see page 636.

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 Paris-Hachette, annuaire illustré de Paris, 1899. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie.
 The Volunteer Officers' Guide to Promotion, and Sergeants' Guide to Proficiency (Captain G. D'Arcy-Evans). Aldershot: Gale and Polden. 3s. 6d. net.
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DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

FOR THE THREE MONTHS ENDING

31st MARCH, 1899.

To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have pleasure in submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 31st March, 1899, which show a total profit of £89,615 2s. 8d.

MINE.

| | |
|--|---------------|
| Number of feet Driven, Sunk and Risen, exclusive of Stopes | 1,193 feet. |
| Ore Developed | 90,524 tons. |
| Ore Mined | 105,173 tons. |
| Ore taken from Surface Dumps | 604 tons. |
| | 106,342 tons. |
| Less Waste sorted out (19'029 per cent.) | 20,236 tons. |
| | 86,106 tons. |

MILL.

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Tons Delivered | 86,106 tons. |
| Less added to Stock in Mill Bins | 1,006 tons. |
| Tons Crushed | 85,100 tons. |
| Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 200 stamps | 81½ days. |
| Tons crushed per stamp per 25 hours | 5'234 tons. |
| Tons in Mill Bins on 31st March, 1899 | 1,006 tons. |
| Yield in Fine Gold | 25,575'178 ozs. |
| Yield per Ton in Fine Gold | 6'010 dwts. |

CYANIDE WORKS.

SANDS AND CONCENTRATES.

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Tons Sands and Concentrates treated (equal to 74'274 per cent. of the tonnage milled) | 63,208 tons. |
| Yield in Fine Gold | 15,278'706 ozs. |
| Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated | 4'834 dwts. |
| Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis | 3'590 dwts. |

SLIMES.

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Tons Slimes treated (equal to 24'377 per cent. of the tonnage milled) | 20,745 tons. |
| Yield in Fine Gold | 2,275'645 ozs. |
| Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated | 2'193 dwts. |
| Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis | 534 dwts. |

TOTAL YIELD.

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources | 43,129'529 ozs. |
| Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis | 10'136 dwts. |
| Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources | 50,243'364 ozs. |

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 85,100 tons milled.

| DR. | Cost. | Cost per Ton. |
|------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| To Mining Expenses | £61,264 14 11 | £0 14 4'779 |
| " Milling Expenses | 13,970 8 2 | 0 3 3'309 |
| " Cyaniding Expenses | 12,271 1 9 | 0 2 10'607 |
| " General Expenses | 3,116 5 2 | 0 0 8'788 |
| " Head Office Expenses | 886 7 10 | 0 0 2'499 |
| | 91,508 17 10 | 1 1 6'074 |
| " Profit | 89,615 2 8 | 1 1 0'733 |

£181,124 0 6 2 2 6'808

CR.

| | Value. | Value per Ton. |
|------------------|---------------|----------------|
| By Gold Account— | | |
| Mill | £107,561 16 0 | £1 5 3'347 |
| Cyanide Works | 73,562 4 6 | 0 17 3'461 |
| | £181,124 0 6 | 2 2 6'808 |

NOTE.—A portion of the above profit is subject to the new tax of 5 per cent. which has been imposed by the Government of the South African Republic.

GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £7,305 2s. 2d.

By order of the Board,

F. RALEIGH,

SECRETARY.

Head Office, Johannesburg,

April, 1899.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the FIFTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders will be held in the Board Room, Exploration Buildings, Johannesburg, on 20th June, 1899, at noon, for the following purposes:—

- To receive and consider the statement of Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors to 30th April, 1899.
- To elect Directors in the places of Messrs. F. Eckstein, E. Birkenruth, F. Mosenthal, C. S. Goldmann, and W. T. Graham, who retire in terms of the Trust Deed, and, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.
- To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix the remuneration of the present Auditors.
- To transact any business arising out of the Directors' Report, and for any other ordinary business of the Company.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER wishing to be represented at the Meeting must deposit their shares at the places and within the times following:—

- At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- At the London Transfer Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

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